MARVEL COMICS
1ST COLLECTOR'S ISSUE!
JAN '97 1
DEADPOOL
GIANT-SIZED,
WISE-CRACKIN', RIP-SNORTIN'
PREMIERE ISSUE
OF MARVEL'S FIRST
MERC-WITH-A-
MONTHLY!

"THE BOLIVIAN JUNGLE.
"STEAMY. RANK.
"MORE HUMID THAN A CHURCH PEW ON SUNDAY.
"AND QUIET... SO DEATHLY QUIET.
¿SEÑOR? CREO QUE LO ESCUCHO. ¿YO--YO CREO QUE ESTÁ HABLANDO --?
"DUH. IT'S CALLED NARRATION, YOU IGNORANT SIMP.
"Sir? I think I hear him. I--I think he's talking --?"

AS A FRINGE BENEFIT, IT GIVES ME SOMETHING TO LISTEN TO BESIDES YOUR BLOOD-CHOKED GURGLING. ICKY.
"AS SOON AS IT BEGINS, THE HUNT HAS ENDED. SUCH IS THE WAY OF THE JUNGLE --"

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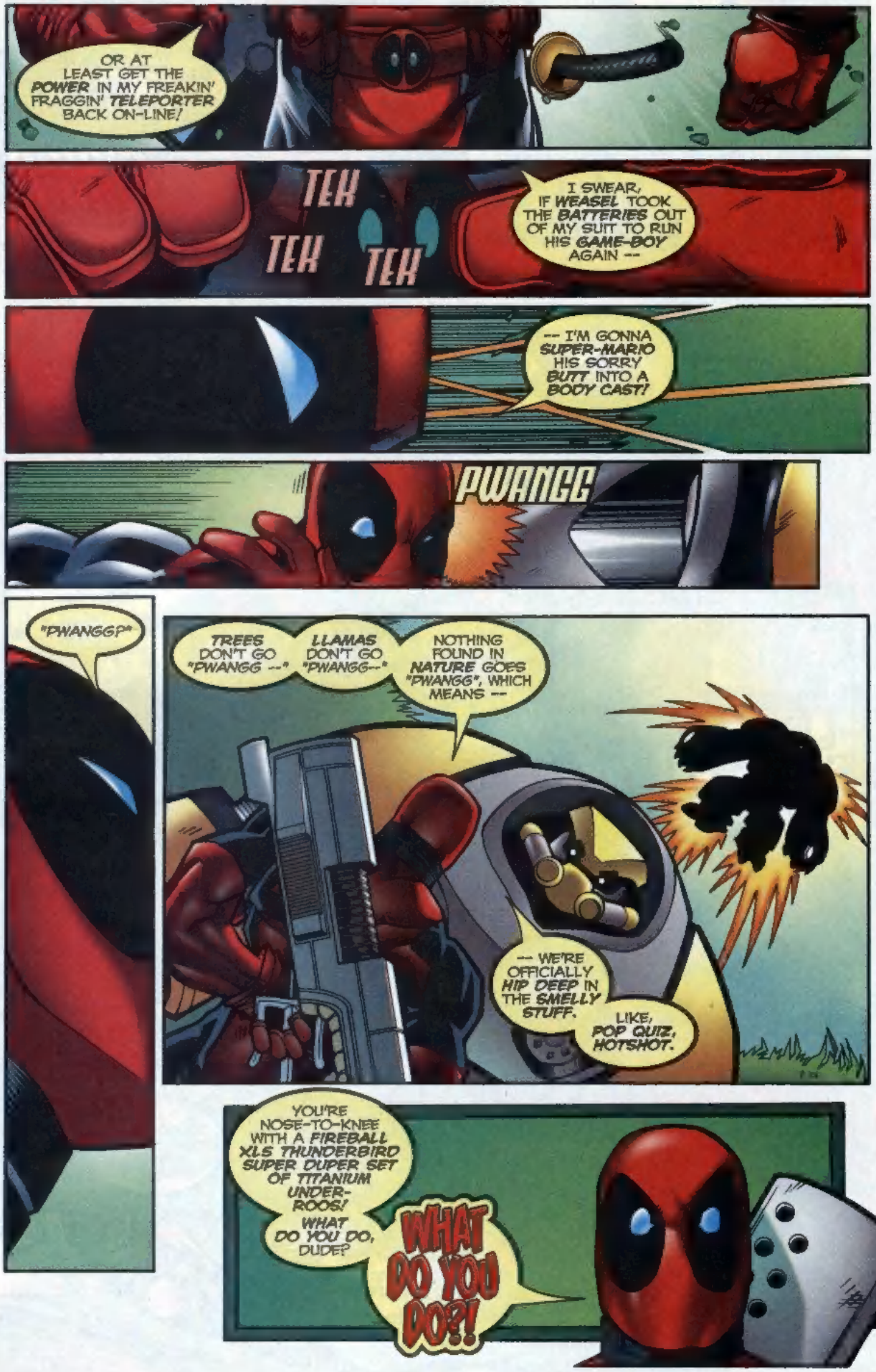
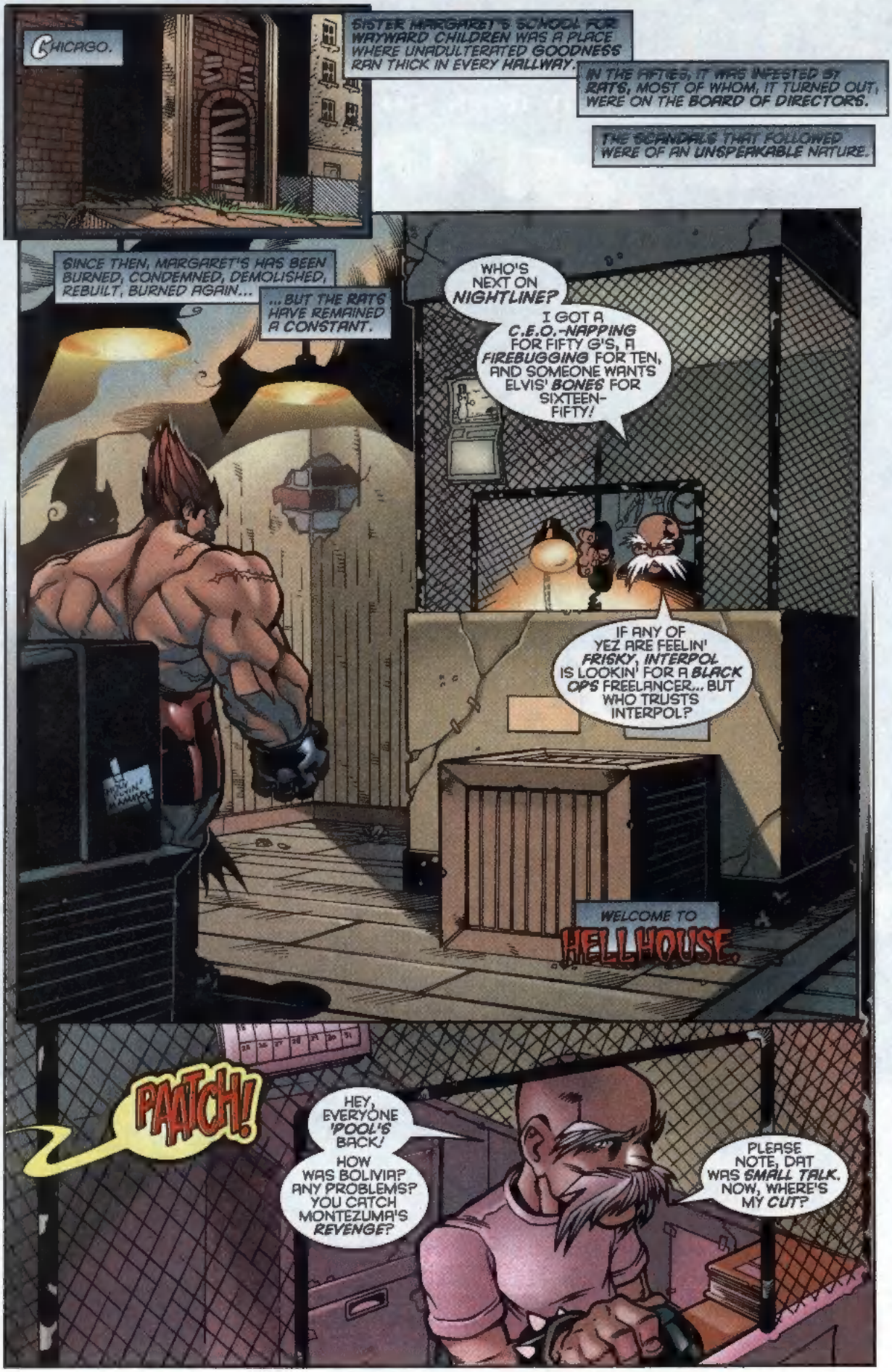
HEY, IT'S DEADPOOL!
Stan Lee Presents:
Ol.. DEADPOOL #1
-- UNFORTUNATELY, IT'S ALSO THE WAY OF THE JUNGLE TO CALL IN REINFORCEMENTS.
THUSLY, THE PREY-TURNED-PREDATOR AGAIN BECOMES PREY --
-- PRAYING THAT THE PREDATORS IN PURSUIT ARE AS POOR WITH PROJECTILES AS THEIR PRESENTLY PULVERIZED PALS.
WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE TO BE MARLIN PERKINS RIGHT ABOUT NOW...
Joe Kelly Story
Ed McGuinness Pencils
Nathan Massengill with Norman Lee Inks
RS/Comicraft/DL Letters
Chris Lichtner Colors
Digital Chameleon Enhancement
Matt Idelson Editor
Harras Chief


OR AT LEAST GET THE POWER IN MY FREAKIN' FRAGGIN' TELEPORTER BACK ON-LINE!
TEH
TEH
TEH
I SWEAR, IF WEASEL TOOK THE BATTERIES OUT OF MY SUIT TO RUN HIS GAME-BOY AGAIN --
-- I'M GONNA SUPER-MARIO HIS SORRY BUTT INTO A BODY CAST!
PWANGG
"PWANGG?"
TREES DON'T GO "PWANGG --"
LLAMAS DON'T GO "PWANGG--"
NOTHING FOUND IN NATURE GOES "PWANGG", WHICH MEANS --
-- WE'RE OFFICIALLY HIP DEEP IN THE SMELLY STUFF.
LIKE, POP QUIZ, HOTSHOT.
YOU'RE NOSE-TO-KNEE WITH A FIREBALL XL5 THUNDERBIRD SUPER DUPER SET OF TITANIUM UNDER-ROOS!
WHAT DO YOU DO, DUDE?
WHAT DO YOU DO?!

FIRST THING I DO, KEANU, IS GRAB SANDRA BULLOCK AND HIGHTAIL IT OFF THE BUS. LET THE REST BURN.
THUNK
SHHHH
THEN WE BUILD OURSELVES A LITTLE LOVENEST OUTSIDE OF HOLLYWOOD --
-- SCRATCH THAT. OUTSIDE OF PEQUOIMA --
-- AND WE SPEND THE REST OF OUR DAYS BAKING BROWNIES AND BEHEADING THE EVER PRESENT PAPARAZZI.
FSWISSHH
SHHHINK
NAH... IT'D NEVER LAST.
SANDRA'S PROBABLY MORE OF A GUN GIRL THAN A BLADE BABE --
-- AND I DO SO ENJOY RUNNING WITH SHARP OBJECTS.
MADRE DE DIOS!

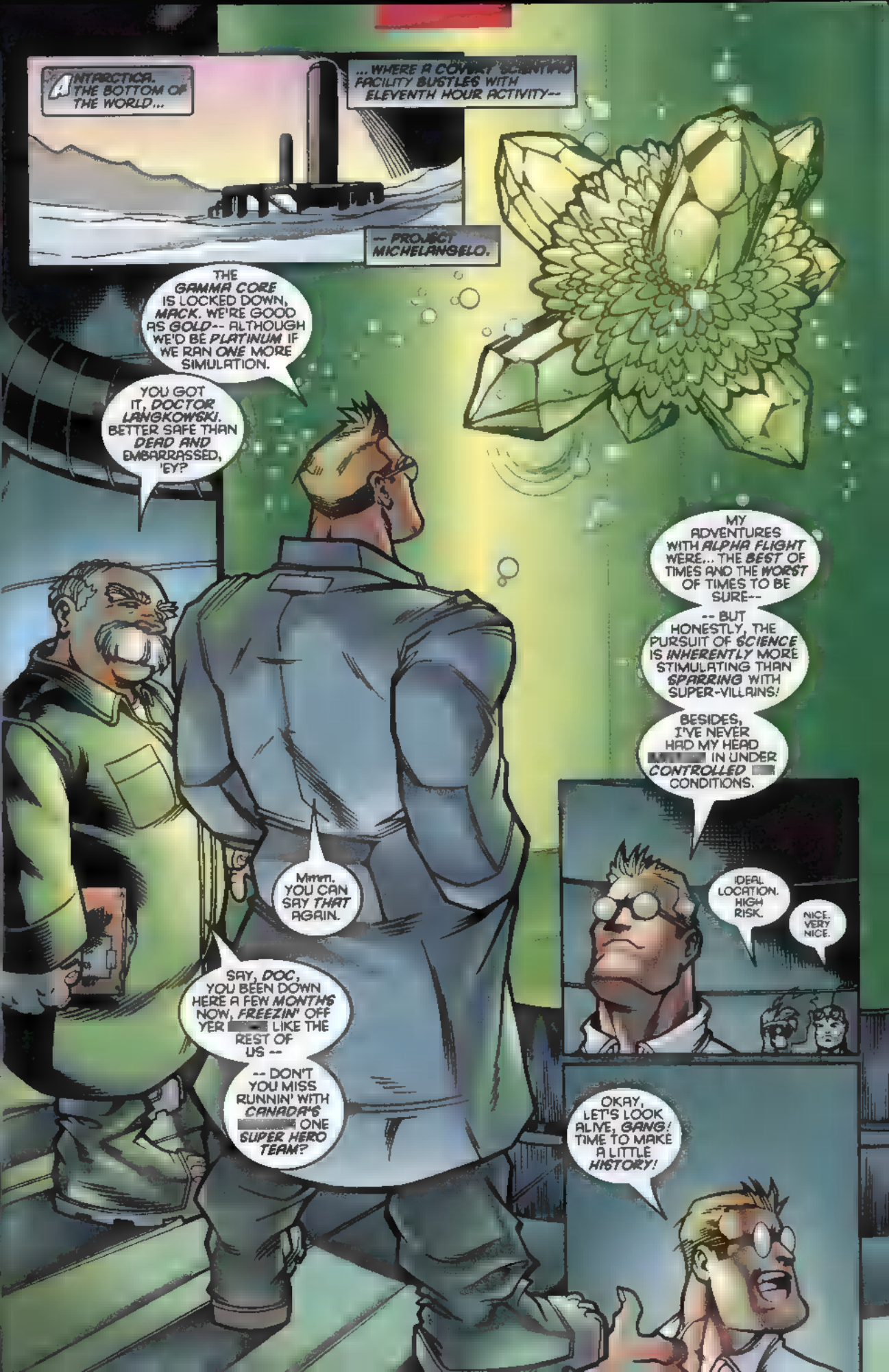
FOR SHAME, I DIGRESS. YOU GUYS SURE KNOW HOW TO THROW A SWELL GOING AWAY PARTY --
-- BUT IT'S ABOUT TIME I GOT TO THE GOING AWAY PART!
¡ESE LOCO, ESTÁ SOBRE MÍ! ¡NO LO PUEDO VER!
LESSEE. THE BATTERY'S CONNECTED TO THE ARMOR. THE ARMOR'S CONNECTED TO THE HELMET --
"THAT MANIAC IS ON ME! I CAN'T SEE HIM!"
NONO NO
-- SO THIS HERE CABLE SHOULD CARRY THE CHARGE --
"NO NO NO"
-- WHICH I CAN REDIRECT TO MY SUITZZZZ
BTZOW
BZTT
GHH
COOL.
THAT'S ONE PLASMA CANNON, A LINGONBERRY SHAKE, AND A DEEP FRIED MERC --
-- TO GO.

SECONDS LATER, IN ANOTHER SWATCH OF JUNGLE.
YO, GENERALES! FELIZ NAVIDAD.
SEÑOR DEADPOOL HAS LIBERATED THE WEAPON FROM OUR GOVERNMENT OPPRESSORS! THE REVOLUTION BEGINS!
FWAPP
SURE, POWER TO THE PEOPLE, BLAH BLAH. MY MONEY.
YOU'RE CERTAIN THEY CAN'T SEE US?
ABSOLUTELY. OUR CLOAKING DEVICES ARE WORKING PERFECTLY.
AS AGREED, TWO MILLION DOLARES!
Um..? I THINK THE TREASURER'S BEEN DIPPING INTO THE MONOPOLY SET AGAIN--
THAT IS THE CURRENCY OF THE REVOLUTION! IN A FEW YEARS, IT WILL OVERFLOW OUR NATION'S COFFERS!
ASSUMING WE WIN THE WAR, OF COURSE...
ASSUMING..? A FEW YEARS..?
HEY, BEFORE I GO, SHOULD I TEACH YOUR BOYS HOW TO WORK THIS PEA SHOOTER?
I THINK WE CAN HANDLE--
I INSIST. NOW, EVERYONE GET NICE AND COZY SO I ONLY HAVE TO EXPLAIN THIS ONCE.
PEACHY. ARE WE ALL PAYING ATTENTION...?
NO WAY IS HE THE ONE. HE'S UNDISCIPLINED, UNRELIABLE--
WAIT. GIVE HIM SIX SECONDS--
OH GOD
PRKOWW
FRZAPP
NO!
AIGH
THERE. HE TAKES THE WHOLE BUNCH OUT AND TELEPORTS WITHOUT A TRACE.
THEN WE JUST NEED A SUITABLE TEST SITE.

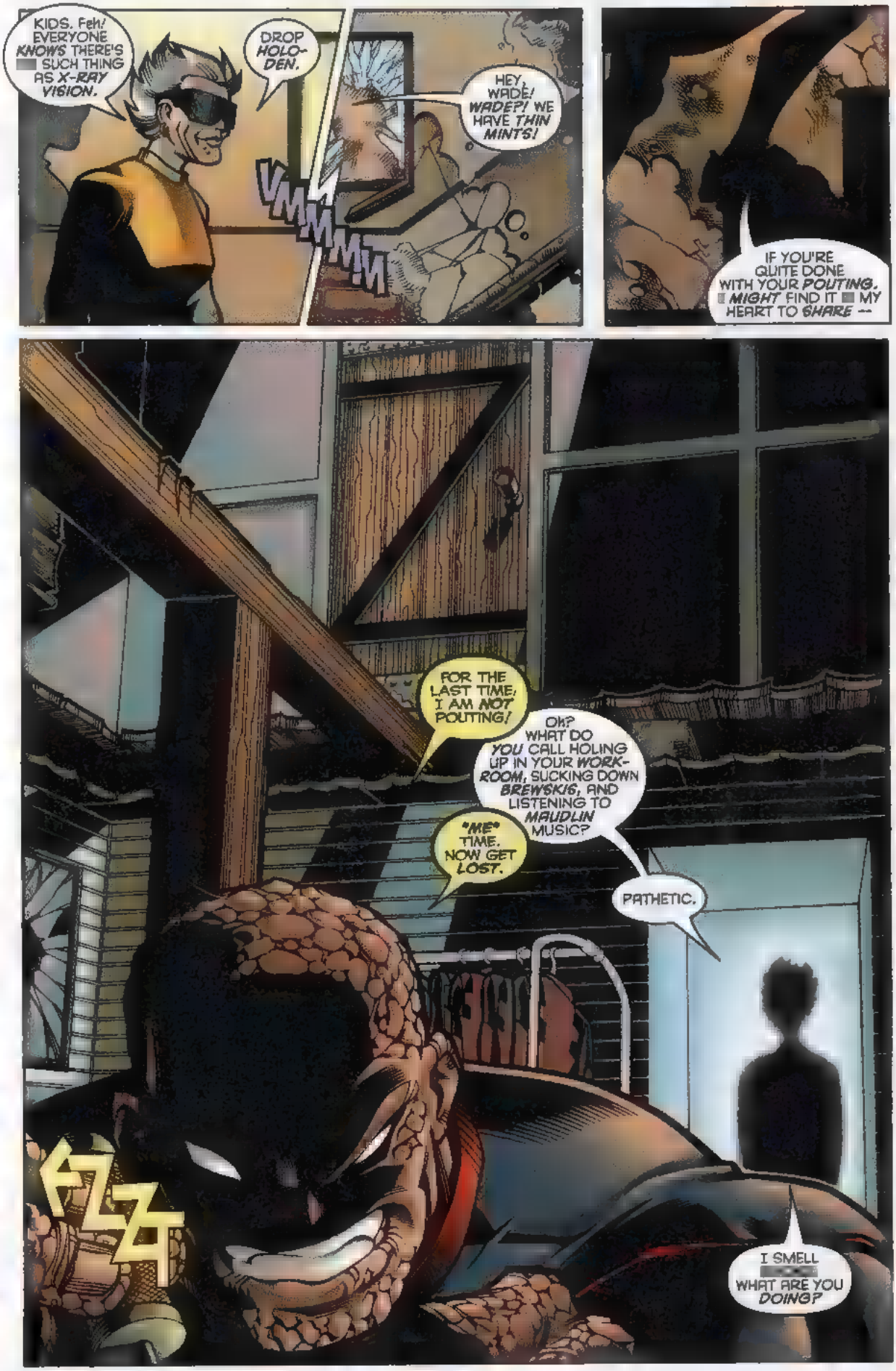

CHICAGO.
SISTER MARGARET'S SCHOOL FOR WAYWARD CHILDREN WAS A PLACE WHERE UNADULTERATED GOODNESS RAN THICK IN EVERY HALLWAY.
IN THE FIFTIES, IT WAS INFESTED BY RATS, MOST OF WHOM, IT TURNED OUT, WERE ON THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.
THE SCANDALS THAT FOLLOWED WERE OF AN UNSPEAKABLE NATURE.
SINCE THEN, MARGARET'S HAS BEEN BURNED, CONDEMNED, DEMOLISHED, REBUILT, BURNED AGAIN...
...BUT THE RATS HAVE REMAINED A CONSTANT.
WHO'S NEXT ON NIGHTLINE?
I GOT A C.E.O.-NAPPING FOR FIFTY G'S, A FIREBUGGING FOR TEN, AND SOMEONE WANTS ELVIS' BONES FOR SIXTEEN-FIFTY!
IF ANY OF YEZ ARE FEELIN' FRISKY, INTERPOL IS LOOKIN' FOR A BLACK OPS FREELANCER... BUT WHO TRUSTS INTERPOL?
WELCOME TO HELLHOUSE.
PAATCH!
HEY, EVERYONE 'POOL'S BACK!
HOW WAS BOLIVIA? ANY PROBLEMS? YOU CATCH MONTEZUMA'S REVENGE?
PLEASE NOTE, DAT WAS SMALL TALK. NOW, WHERE'S MY CUT?

WHUMP
WHY SETTLE FOR A CUT, YOU LOLLIPOP GUILD ESCAPEE--
--WHEN YOU CAN HAVE THE WHOLE WORTHLESS WAD?!
NEXT TIME A CLIENT STIFFS ME, PATCH, I'M TAKIN' MY CUT FROM SOMEWHERE BELOW YOUR WAIST. CAPEESH?
SO, THIS IS WHERE HE GETS HIS ASSIGN-MENTS.
NO PAY?! OH, THIS IS JUST PERFECT. WHAT HAPPENED TO THE GENERAL?
SUFFICE IT TO SAY, WEASEL, THE REVOLUTION WILL NOT BE TELEVISED.
MY SEAT, C.F.
OKAY... D-DON'T GET STEAMED, DEADPOOL... I'M MOVING--
--UNFF-- JUST GOTTA SQUEEZE AROUND THE TABLE --HUH?
BROILED
KA-BLAM
I'M SENSING A SUBTLE NEGATIVE VIBE HERE.
NEXT TIME, GET THE SALAD.
SHUT UP.
DEADPOOL, WAIT!

YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THAT COMIN', C.F.
NGLFF
WHAT KIND OF A WORLD IS IT WHERE ARROGANT, DOLPHIN HATING, HIPPIE-KICKING MERCS --
-- CAN'T EVEN SCORE ON A JOB WELL DONE?
YES, IT'S WADE WILSON'S SELF-PITY EXPRESS, LADIES AND GENTS...
MGLLPH... GLMM... FFFFF. FF. OWW.
WHAT'S IT ALL MEAN? WHAT'S THE POINT?
WHO WANTS TO EXPLOIT HUMAN MISERY IF IT'S SO EMPTY?
GETTING STIFFED BITES, WADE, BUT IT COULD BE WORSE--
-- FOR EXAMPLE, THAT BONNIE IRISH LASS SIRYN COULD BE AROUND, PLAYING YOU LIKE A FIDDLE--
CHW
AK
OR SOMEONE COULD HAVE JUST BROKEN MY JAW, THAT WOULD BE WORSE.
MUSSH WORSSH.
SIRYN... THAT WAS JUST WRONG, MAN..

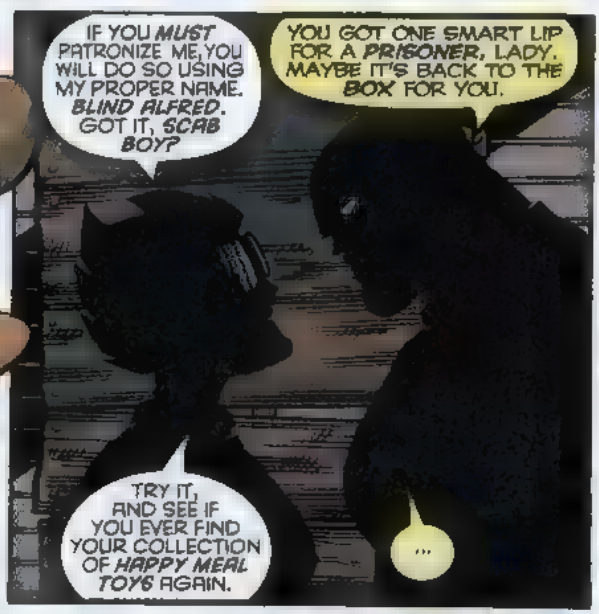

ANTARCTICA. THE BOTTOM OF THE WORLD...
...WHERE A COVERT SCIENTIFIC FACILITY BUSTLES WITH ELEVENTH HOUR ACTIVITY--
-- PROJECT MICHELANGELO.
THE GAMMA CORE IS LOCKED DOWN, MACK. WE'RE GOOD AS GOLD-- ALTHOUGH WE'D BE PLATINUM IF WE RAN ONE MORE SIMULATION.
YOU GOT IT, DOCTOR LANGKOWSKI. BETTER SAFE THAN DEAD AND EMBARRASSED, 'EY?
MY ADVENTURES WITH ALPHA FLIGHT WERE... THE BEST OF TIMES AND THE WORST OF TIMES TO BE SURE--
-- BUT HONESTLY, THE PURSUIT OF SCIENCE IS INHERENTLY MORE STIMULATING THAN SPARRING WITH SUPER-VILLAINS!
BESIDES, I'VE NEVER HAD MY HEAD [redacted] IN UNDER CONTROLLED [redacted] CONDITIONS.
IDEAL LOCATION. HIGH RISK.
NICE. VERY NICE.
Mmm. YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN.
SAY, DOC, YOU BEEN DOWN HERE A FEW MONTHS NOW, FREEZIN' OFF YER [redacted] LIKE THE REST OF US --
-- DON'T YOU MISS RUNNIN' WITH CANADA'S [redacted] ONE SUPER HERO TEAM?
OKAY, LET'S LOOK ALIVE, GANG! TIME TO MAKE A LITTLE HISTORY!

F... HOURS LATER. SAN FRANCISCO.
STUPID COOKIES. STUPID HILLS. STUPID HOUSES.
RING DONG DING DONG BING BONG DING DONG
STUPID DOOR-BELLS.
DON'T BREAK THE BELL! I'M COMING!
YES? WHO'S THERE PLEASE?
GIRL SCOUTS, GRANNY. COOKIES. YOU BLIND OR SOMETHIN'?
Oh no, YOU IMPETUOUS CHILD! THESE SPORTY WRAP-AROUNDS ARE PROTECTIVE LENSES.
IN FACT, THIS THIN BARRIER OF TREATED GLASS IS ALL THE PROTECTION YOU HAVE --
-- FROM GETTING YOUR SMUG LITTLE FACE MELTED OFF --
-- BY MY MUTANT X-RAY VISION!
ALLOW [redacted] TO DEMONSTRATE.
AAAHHH
PUNK *!@% WHELP.

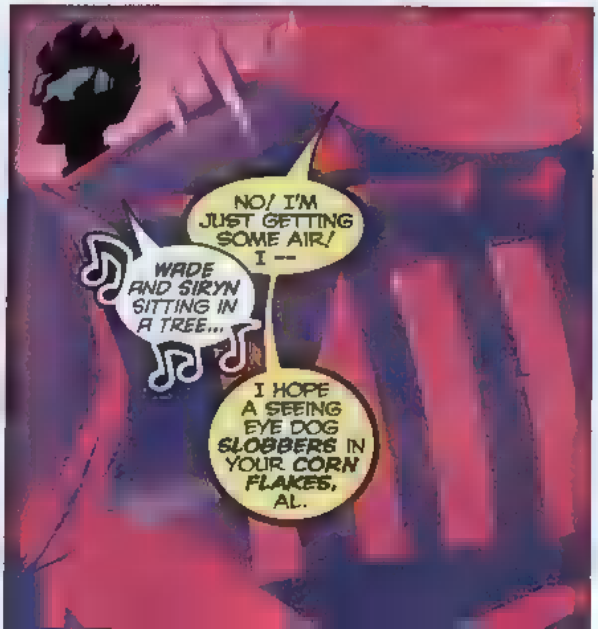

KIDS. Feh! EVERYONE KNOWS THERE'S SUCH THING AS X-RAY VISION.
DROP HOLO-DEN.
VMMMM
HEY, WADE! WADE?! WE HAVE THIN MINTS!
IF YOU'RE QUITE DONE WITH YOUR POUTING, I MIGHT FIND IT MY HEART TO SHARE --
FOR THE LAST TIME, I AM NOT POUTING!
Oh? WHAT DO YOU CALL HOLING UP IN YOUR WORK-ROOM, SUCKING DOWN BREWSKIS, AND LISTENING TO MAUDLIN MUSIC?
"ME" TIME. NOW GET LOST.
PATHETIC.
FZZT
I SMELL
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

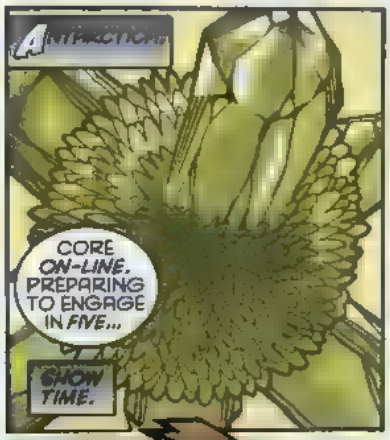
I'M [redacted] AN IMPRESSIONIST SCULPTURE ON THE PRIVATE SHAME OF SIMPLE CHRONIC HALITOSIS.
WANNA... SEE?
MILLIE
OOOPS! P.C. [redacted] PAS! YOU CAN'T SEE!! HOW CALLOUS OF [redacted] AL.

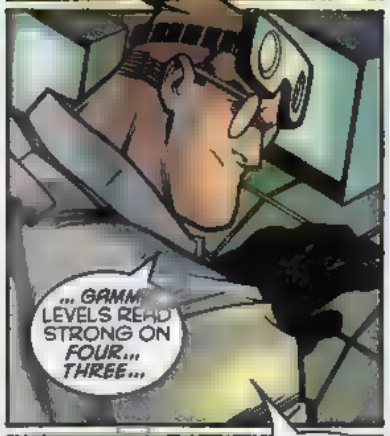
I'M SO UNENLIGHT—
WHAP
HEY!!


IF YOU MUST PATRONIZE ME, YOU WILL DO SO USING MY PROPER NAME. BLIND ALFRED. GOT IT, SCAB BOY?
YOU GOT ONE SMART LIP FOR A PRISONER, LADY. MAYBE IT'S BACK TO THE BOX FOR YOU.
TRY IT, AND SEE IF YOU EVER FIND YOUR COLLECTION OF HAPPY MEAL TOYS AGAIN.
...

IF YOU HAVE TO KNOW, I'M WORKING ON MY SUNDAY SUIT.
BUT IT'S [redacted] TUESDAY... Oooh! YOU'RE GOING TO SEE THAT IRISH GIRL, AREN'T YOU?


NO! I'M JUST GETTING SOME AIR! I --
WADE AND SIRYN SITTING IN A TREE...
I HOPE A SEEING EYE DOG SLOBBERS IN YOUR CORN FLAKES, AL.

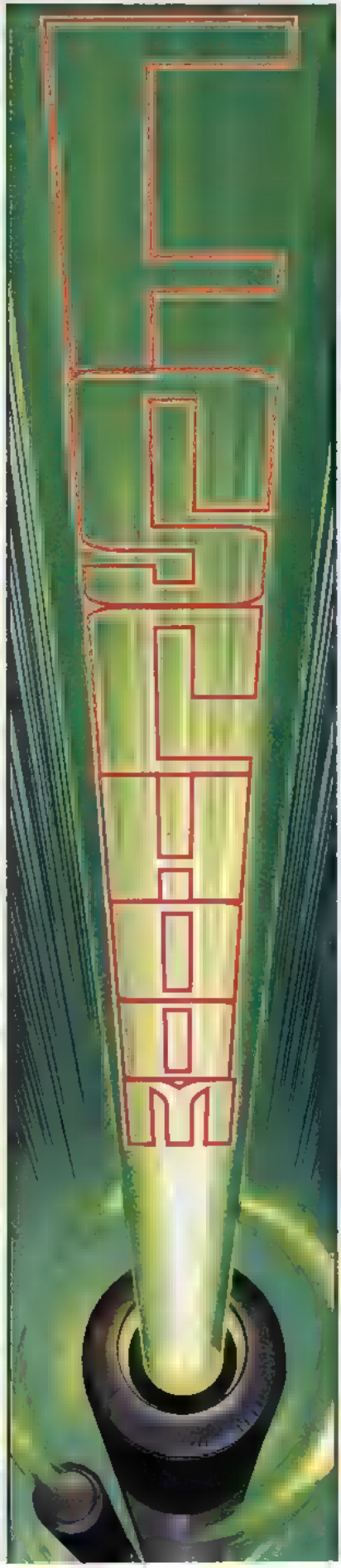

CORE ON-LINE. PREPARING TO ENGAGE IN FIVE...
SHOW TIME.


... GAMMA LEVELS READ STRONG ON FOUR... THREE...

... REMOVING SAFETIES ON TWO...

... CRO... FINGERS ON ONE.
CLK

KLAK
KA-ZOW
COME ON... ENGAGE... ENGAGE!
ENGAGE!


ENGAGE!

WHOO-HOO! YES!!
IT WORKED! YOU DID IT, DOC!
WE DID IT, TEAM, ALL OF US.
THE BEAM MUST LOOK SPECTACULAR FROM OUTSIDE.
ANYONE CARE TO JOIN ME FOR A FIRST-HAND INSPECTION OF OUR FULLY OPERATIONAL FACILITY?
DOC, WHAT'RE YOU, CRAZY? IT'S FORTY BELOW OUT THERE! YOU'LL CATCH YER DEATH--!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, MACK --
I'VE GOT THICK SKIN.
WOULD SOMEBODY MIND HOLDING MY GLASSES?

I PROBABLY SHOULDN'T HAVE BROKEN *PROTOCOL* LIKE THAT, BUT *HEY* --
-- WHAT BETTER REASON TO ASSUME THE FORM OF AN ANCIENT *CANADIAN GOD* THAN TO ENJOY ONE'S *LIFE'S WORK?*
IT'S A PITY THAT JAMES AND THE REST OF *ALPHA FLIGHT* AREN'T HERE TO SHARE THIS.
IT WOULD'VE BEEN NICE FOR THEM TO SEE THEIR EX-TEAMMATE THRIVING [redacted] ELEMENT --
-- CHALLENGING THE BOUNDARIES OF *SCIENCE* AS *WALTER LANGKOWSKI* INSTEAD OF JUST [redacted] *THINGS*
SASQUATCH!
MAYBE NEXT TIME, GANG.
MAN Oh MAN --
-- THE AURORA BOREALIS CAN'T *BEGIN* TO CO[redacted]*PARE* TO THE BEAUTY OF *THIS* BABY.
EVERYTHING IS ON SCHEDULE HERE... GO *GET* HIM.
CONSIDER HIM GOT. THE CALL HAS ALREADY BEEN PLACED TO THAT LOVELY Mr. PATCH.

GATE PARK.
LOOK AT THEM, GERRY. THE "BEAUTIFUL" PEOPLE. LIKE ANTS WITH WALKMANS.
AMEN, BROTHER.
THEIR WHOLE GIG IS BASED ON THE MISCONCEPTION THAT THE WORLD IS BASICALLY A GOOD PLACE. IDIOTS.
BZZT
BZZT
THEY HAVE NO CLUE THAT PEOPLE LIKE ME EXIST. UGLY PEOPLE. IF THEY DID, THEY'D BE HOME BARRICADING THEIR WINDOWS INSTEAD OF BLADING AND AB-ROLLING THROUGH FANTASY-LAND.
RIGHT ON. DELUSIONAL, MAN.
PUPPIES DIE. "CHEERS" GETS CANCELLED, PRESIDENTS GET FADED. ALL WITHOUT RHYME OR REASON. THERE IS NO ORDER TO THE WORLD. NONE.
YOU'RE BRINGIN' [redacted] DOWN, DUDE. WHAT'S THE POINT OF ALL THIS? DON'T LIKE THAT LOOK, BY THE WAY, HOW 'BOUT ANOTHER.
BZZT
THE POINT? THERE IS NO POINT. WHICH IS MY POINT EXACTLY. IT'S ALL JUST RANDOM. LIKE THIS FACE BETTER?
BZZT
BIP BIP BIP
WHUP — THERE GOES MY PAGER, GOTTA SKEDADDLE, GER. I'LL FINISH THAT THOUGHT NEXT TIME.
DIG IT, WADE, COOL. BUT HEY, BEFORE YOU GO — -- TELL ME AGAIN YOU'RE NOT JUST [redacted] FIGMENT OF MY FRACTURED AND DEMENTED PSYCHE.
NAH. I'M A FIGMENT WITH A HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTOR AND A TELEPORTER... YOU'RE ALL SCREWED UP IN THE HEAD.
COOL, MAN. SEE YA ON SUNDAY.

LATER, AT THE HELLHOUSE...
NICE OF YA TO ANSWER YER PAGE, 'POOL/ YOU TAKE THE LOCAL OUT HERE OR WHAT?
SORRY MR. PATCH -- I OVERSLEPT -- THE DOG ATE MY AMMUNITION -- I'VE GOT A NOTE-
SHADDUP!
LONG TIME NO SEE, WADE.
NOT LONG ENOUGH, KILL ANY BABIES THIS WEEK, T-RAY?
ONLY UGLY ONES.
CUTE.
HERE'S THE GIG/ ■ CAKE WALK/ DEMOLITION OF AN UNMANNED SCIENTIFIC EDIFICE. REMOTE LOCATION.
ONE SPECIAL REQUEST: "THE MERC SHOULD BE FAMILIAR WITH CANADIAN MILITARY ORDINANCES. WEAPON X EXPERIENCE A BONUS."
CAN YOU SAY, "LIKE A GLOVE?" THANK YOU SUCKERS FOR PLAYING/ WE HAVE SOME LOVELY PARTING GIFTS --
DREAM ON, MERC/ YOU WERE LATE/ I'M GIVIN' THIS ONE AWAY TA LEARN YA SOME RESPECT/
T-RAY, ARE YOU BUSY?
WAIT/WAIT/ WAIT/WHAT IF I PROMISE THAT I'LL NEVER EVER EVER BE LATE AGAIN --
CH-CHAKK
-- PWETTY PWEASE?
ONE DAY I'M GONNA GET ■■ UP WITH ■■■ CRAP, Y'KNOW THAT?
UH-HUH. GIMME.
I MEAN IT, 'POOL.
UH-HUH. GIMME.
YOU'RE A PRINCE AMONG GNOMES, PATCH. I MEAN IT. GIMME.

LATER... GUESS WHERE.
RASSUM FRASSUM ANTARCTIC-C-CA STINKPOT FRIKKIN-FRAKKIN SNOW C-C-COVERED BLANKETY BLANK --
-- I CAN'T BELIEVE P-PATCH PICKED ME F-FOR THIS GIG!
IF I EVER FEEL MY HAND AGAIN, I'M GOING TO S-S-STRANGLE HIM IN HIS BOOTH --
-- THEN I'M GONNA SNAP WEASEL IN TWO LIKE A SNACK-SIZE KIT-KAT FOR 'PORTING ME SO FAR AWAY FROM THE TARGET --
-- THEN I'M GONNA TEACH THE MOOK WHO INVENTED SNOW ALL THAT STUFF I PICKED UP FROM THE TURKISH CORRECTIONS OFFICER--
-- THOUGH SNOW WAS PROBABLY INVENTED BY A WOMAN... WHO ELSE COULD MAKE IT SO COLD?
ALL THIS [redacted] NOTHING, REALLY. SOON AS I GET INDOORS, THE OLD HEALING [redacted]TOR'LL DO ME UP BETTER THAN AL'S [redacted]
HEY! [redacted]Y LIGHT SHOW. GUESS THIS BE THE PLACE.
I WONDER WHAT THIS THING DOES ANYWAY --
-- COURSE, I AIN'T GETTIN' PAID TO ASK QUESTIONS, SO --
--LET'S GET TO THE THE FUN PART!
STEP ONE: [redacted] THE BUILDING. "HELLO, BUILDING! MAY I CALL [redacted]
STEP TWO: INTRODUCE A MODEST PORTION OF PLASTICINE [redacted] HYDRATED [redacted] TO [redacted] RUBBLE. [redacted] YOU DO?"
STEP THREE: WITH FINGER EXTENDED LIKE SO, ENGAGE TIMER --
BRDEEP
-- NOW, CALMLY BOOK FOR THE HIL -- HUH?
WHO'S GOT [redacted] LIGHTER?

DEET
DEET
DEET
UH --
-- THIS [redacted] A LITTLE [redacted]
'SCUSE ME... FELLAS?
WHO'S THAT? SIMON?
NOT [redacted] LUCKY FOR YOU, 'CAUSE SIMON PROBABLY COULDN'T [redacted] YOU FROM GETTING BLOWN OUT OF YOUR PARKAS --
WHOUFF!
HORFF!
-- 'COURSE, SIMON PROBABLY WOULDN'T HAVE SET AN INCENDIARY DEVICE IN YOUR BACKYARD EITHER, BUT HEY, WHAT DO I KNOW?
BRAKOOM
EVERYONE INTACT? [redacted]. LET'S [redacted] --
YOU GUYS HAVE JUST TAKEN THE UN OUT OF UNMANNED STATION --
WHICH [redacted] EITHER I'M AT THE [redacted] ADDRESS, WHICH IS HIGHLY UNLIKELY --
WHAT IN HEAVEN'S [redacted] --!
-- OR THIS IS THE PART WHERE [redacted] AN UNDERSTATEMENT.

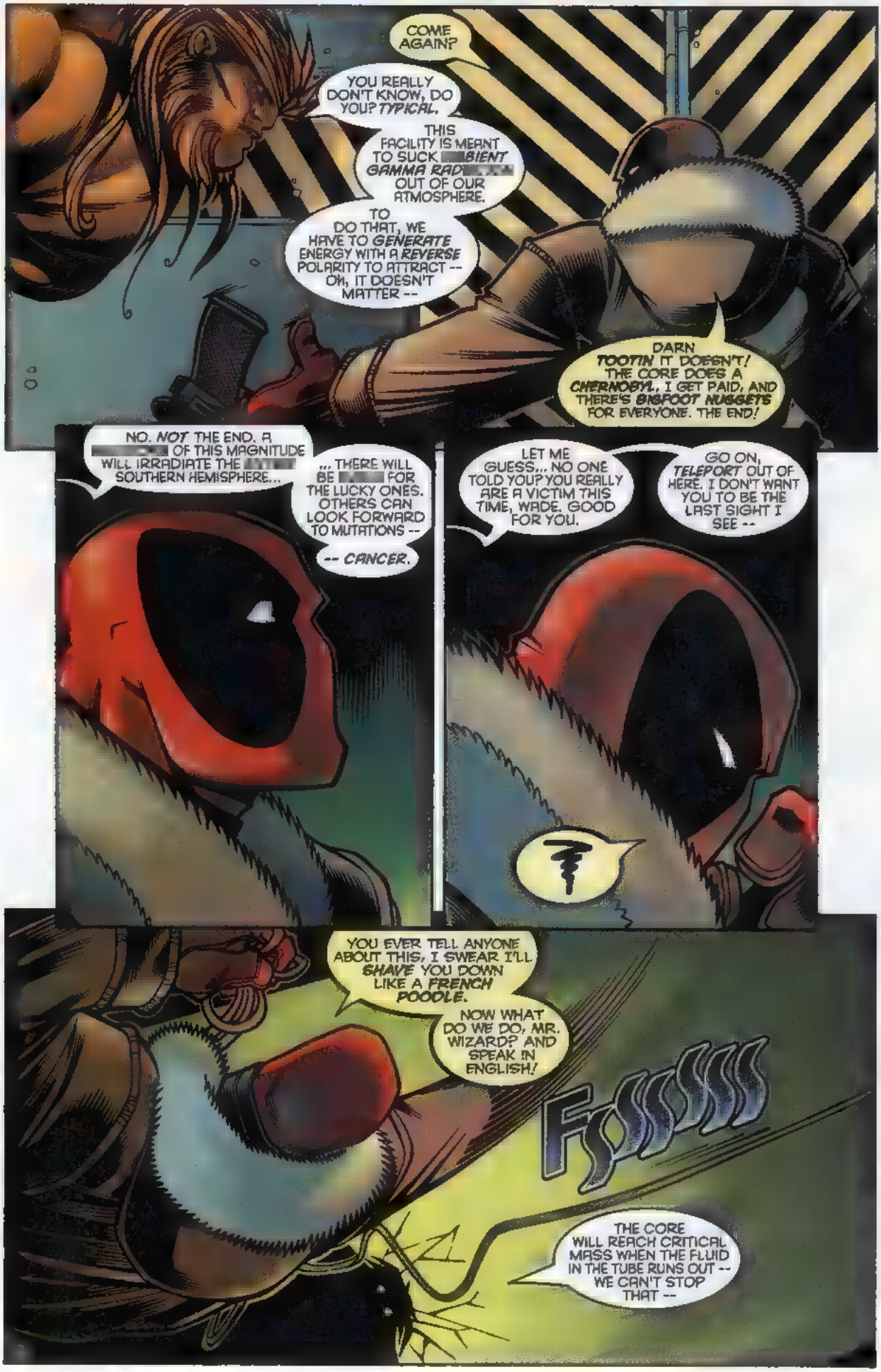
YOU?!
WHOA. BIG WRINKLE.
HOW'RE YOU DOING, WALTER?
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?!
I'M FINE, THANKS. KEEPING BUSY WITH MY KNITTING. THE USUAL.
SO HEY, THIS HAS BEEN SWELL, BUT I HAVE TO GET BACK TO WRECKING YOUR IGLOO --
-- SO WHAT DO YOU SAY YOU HELP ME OUT AND SUFFER A CARDIAC ARREST, FOR OLD TIMES' SAKE?

YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY COMPREHEND JUST HOW BADLY YOU'VE SCREWED UP, WILSON!
IS IT AS BAD AS THAT TIME YOU CAUGHT ME RUMMAGING THROUGH YOUR MAIN SQUEEZE'S CLOTHES --
-- WHILE SHE WAS STILL WEARING THEM?
SSHH
HOW IS AURORA/ JEAN-MARIE, ANYWAY --
-- STILL THEIR OWN BEST FRIENDS?
SNAP
URK!
SHUT UP WILSON!
IF YOU DON'T LET GO, I'M GONNA LICK YOUR HAND.
I'M HAVING A DIFFICULT TIME RESISTING THE URGE TO PUT YOU OUT OF MY MISERY --
-- SO LISTEN TO ME. CAREFULLY.
I'M TRYING, BUT YOU'RE SCREAMING TOO LOUD.
SHUK
AARGH!
WELL, NOW YOU'RE SCREAMING -- HEY, NICE DIGS, WALT/ CANADIAN GOVERNMENT SPRING FOR THIS JOINT?
ALL THEY EVER GAVE ME WAS A GOLD WATCH AND INCURABLE ACNE. GO FIGURE.

IS THAT WHY YOU'RE HERE?! SOME PALTRY VENDETTA?
HAVE YOU SUNK SO LOW THAT YOU'LL PUNISH THE ENTIRE WORLD --
-- FOR WRONGS COMMITTED AGAINST YOU BY A HANDFUL OF INDIVIDUALS AT DEPARTMENT K?
NOT THE ENTIRE WORLD. JUST DO-GOODING POINDEXTERS IN DIRE NEED OF ELECTROLYSIS.
...WHERE ARE THOSE PARTY POPPERS? I DO DECLARE, I DON'T KNOW WHERE MY HEAD IS TODAY...
WILSON, PUT YOUR POLITICS [redacted] FOR ONE MOMENT, AND LISTEN TO REASON!
OH... [redacted] THEY ARE! CATCH, SQUATCHIE!
IF YOU DAMAGE THE FACILITY ANY FURTHER, THE GAMMA REACTOR IS GOING TO MELTDO--
PRSCH KOW
GAAH!
JEEZ, I FORGOT HOW MUCH YOU LIKED THE SOUND OF YOUR OWN VOICE. LIKE IN THERAPY SESSIONS...
"...DON'T BE SO ANGRY, WILSON..."
"...YOU CAN BOUNCE BACK, WILSON..."
"...DON'T PICK AT YOUR SCABS, WILSON..."

HRARRGH! YOU IGNORANT, EGOCENTRIC LITTLE TWIT!
UH... YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO FALL DOWN NOW --
YOU CAN BLAME THE WEAPON X PROGRAM, YOU CAN BLAME THE CANCER, OR YOU CAN EVEN BLAME THE ENTIRE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT FOR MAKING YOU LOOK LIKE A MONSTER --
-- BUT NO SCIENTIST TWISTED [redacted] SOUL! NO DOCTOR TOOK AWAY YOUR SENSE OF RIGHT AND WRONG!
YOU'RE A MONSTER BECAUSE YOU ALLOWED ANGER AND SELF-PITY TO MAKE YOUR INSIDE MATCH YOUR OUTSIDE!
WHAAM
BUT WHO AM I TO JUDGE... OH, I'M A GOOD GUY, THAT'S RIGHT!
WHUF!
KRIKEH
YOU'RE A PHYSICIST, TOO...COULDN'T YOU HAVE PLANNED MY TRAJECTORY A LITTLE TO THE LEFT..?
MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT. ALL THIS HURT I GOT INSIDE... THIS CRAZY LIFE I LEAD --
WILSON, DON'T MOVE [redacted] MUSCLE! THE GAMMA CORE, IT'S DAMAGED!
--IT'S BEEN ME ALL ALONG! ;SNIFF I'M THE PROBLEM!
;SNIFF ;SNIFF THANK YOU FOR SHOWING ME THE LIGHT, WALTER!
;SNIFF GOODBYE, CRUEL WORLD!

WADE--
NO!!
KRUSH
MAN, ALL THAT EMOTIONAL CRAP, AND TO TOP IT OFF, I'M A BAD SHOT, TOO.
OOPSIE. LOOKS LIKE I CRACKED YOUR BIG TUBE THINGIE --
-- IS THAT BAD?
WARNING! LEVEL TEN CRISIS:
FLOOSH
GAMMA CORE HAS BEEN BREACHED. BORON BATH HAS BEEN COMPROMISED.
GOT TO -- PATCH THE TANK --
KRONK
CORE WILL REACH CRITICAL MASS IN TWO MINUTES, FIFTY SECONDS.
EX-SQUEEZE ME? DID HE SAY "CRITICAL MASS"?
NO NEED TO PLAY DUMB ANY LONGER, WILSON -- YOUR MISSION IS AN UNQUALIFIED SUCCESS!
YOU'VE DOOMED T[redacted] SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE!


COME AGAIN?
YOU REALLY DON'T KNOW, DO YOU? TYPICAL.
THIS FACILITY IS MEANT TO SUCK [redacted]BIENT GAMMA RAD[redacted] OUT OF OUR ATMOSPHERE.
TO DO THAT, WE HAVE TO GENERATE ENERGY WITH A REVERSE POLARITY TO ATTRACT -- OH, IT DOESN'T MATTER --
DARN TOOTIN IT DOESN'T! THE CORE DOES A CHERNOBYL, I GET PAID, AND THERE'S BIGFOOT NUGGETS FOR EVERYONE. THE END!
NO. NOT THE END. A [redacted] OF THIS MAGNITUDE WILL IRRADIATE THE [redacted] SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE...
... THERE WILL BE [redacted] FOR THE LUCKY ONES. OTHERS CAN LOOK FORWARD TO MUTATIONS --
-- CANCER.
LET ME GUESS... NO ONE TOLD YOU? YOU REALLY ARE A VICTIM THIS TIME, WADE. GOOD FOR YOU.
GO ON, TELEPORT OUT OF HERE. I DON'T WANT YOU TO BE THE LAST SIGHT I SEE --
YOU EVER TELL ANYONE ABOUT THIS, I SWEAR I'LL SHAVE YOU DOWN LIKE A FRENCH POODLE.
NOW WHAT DO WE DO, MR. WIZARD? AND SPEAK IN ENGLISH!
FSSSSSS
THE CORE WILL REACH CRITICAL MASS WHEN THE FLUID IN THE TUBE RUNS OUT -- WE CAN'T STOP THAT --

-- BUT WE CAN KEEP THE MASS DOWN BY REMOVING A [redacted] ENOUGH PIECE OF THE CORE --
HOW LARGE ARE WE TALKING?
I DON'T KNOW.
HOW DO I GET TO THE CORE WITHOUT FRYING MY CANASTAS OFF?
I DON'T KNOW!
OF COURSE NOT, YOU'RE ONLY A GENIUS... [redacted]MMM, GO HOME AND SLEEP, OR SAVE THE WORLD AND GET SKIN GRAFTS.
HOME...
WORLD...
HOME...
SLEEP...
THE BIG C. WIDESPREAD. NOT COOL.
THIS IS GONNA HURT.
HELLO SUNBURN! RADIATION POURING OUT OF THIS THING LIKE MAD --
HERE'S TO SPF'S AND HEALING FACTORS ~
I DON'T FEEL SO HOT...
SPLOOSHH

I MAY HAVE CHOSEN POORLY --
-- VISION BLURRING -- SKIN BLISTERING OFF IN SHEETS.
-- YUP... DEFINITELY SHOULD'VE GONE HOME TO WATCH "THE NANNY..."
DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH KA-PLOW WE NEED --
HOPE THIS --
-- WORKS --
-- SURE WISH I HAD PAID ATTENTION IN PHYSICS CLASS INSTEAD OF STARING UP MARY MARGARET'S DRESS -- I'M READY FOR MY NAP NOW, MRS. OLIVER...
...
RADIATION LEVELS DROPPING--
BOOM
CORE INERT
HE DID IT.
HE DID IT!
WILSON! COME ON, MAN... BE ALIVE... SO I CAN REARRANGE THAT FACE OF YOURS --
-- Oh NO...

IF I DIDN'T KNOW ANY BETTER... I'D SAY YOU JUST COMMITTED A SELFLESS ACT OF HEROISM, YOU POOR FOOL.
WHATEVER... ANYTHING TO IMPRESS THE CHICKS.
BY THEY WAY, I'M STILL GOING TO KILL YOU, LANGKOWSKI...
YOU KNOW, YOU NEVER REALIZE HOW SHARP FUR IS, UNTIL YOUR EPIDERMIS IS BOILED OFF..
WILSON, PLEASE... FOR ONCE IN YOUR LIFE, TRY NOT TO TALK.
I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT... IF YOU DON'T MAKE IT --
-- I SWEAR I'LL MAKE SURE THE GOVERNMENT GIVES YOU [redacted] HERO'S
'KAY... JUST REMEMBER ONE THING... I'VE GOT ME A HEALING FACTOR... SHOULD TAKE CARE OF THIS. IF NOT...
... BURY ME UPSIDE DOWN AND MOUNT A CANADIAN FLAG IN MY --
WILSON!!
OWWW... LOUD IS BAD...
YOU THINK THAT'S A HEADACHE, MY FRIEND... WAIT TILL YOU GET THE BILL FOR THIS PLACE.

NEW YORK. A FEW DAYS LATER.
"THIRTY-FIVE MINUTES LATE-- OBVIOUSLY, PATCH DIDN'T GIVE HIM THE MESSAGE -- HE'S A NO-SHOW."
"HE'LL COME. HAVE FAITH, NOAH."
"FAITH FOR CHILDREN, ZOE. IT'S OVER. I'M CALLING FOR TRANSPORT."

ALPHA TEAM TO CENTRAL, THIS IS A WASHOUT. PREPARE TO SLIDE US HOME--
PING

IS IT IN THE "MYSTERIOUS EMPLOYER CREDO" THAT THESE LITTLE RENDEZVOUS ALWAYS HAVE TO BE IN EXOTIC LOCALES?
I MEAN, JUST ONCE WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO SIT DOWN AT A DENNY'S AND PLAN AN ASSASSINATION OVER A FRENCH SLAM BREAKFAST?
OH, WHERE ARE MY MANNERS? HI, I'M DEADPOOL-- THE GUY YOU STUCK IT TO ROYALLY LAST WEEK.
CONSIDER THAT GASP OF YOU JUST SUCKED TO YOUR
THE JUDGES WILL ALLOW THREE SECONDS OF POINTLESS BEGGING BEFORE THE DISEMBOWELING BEGINS.

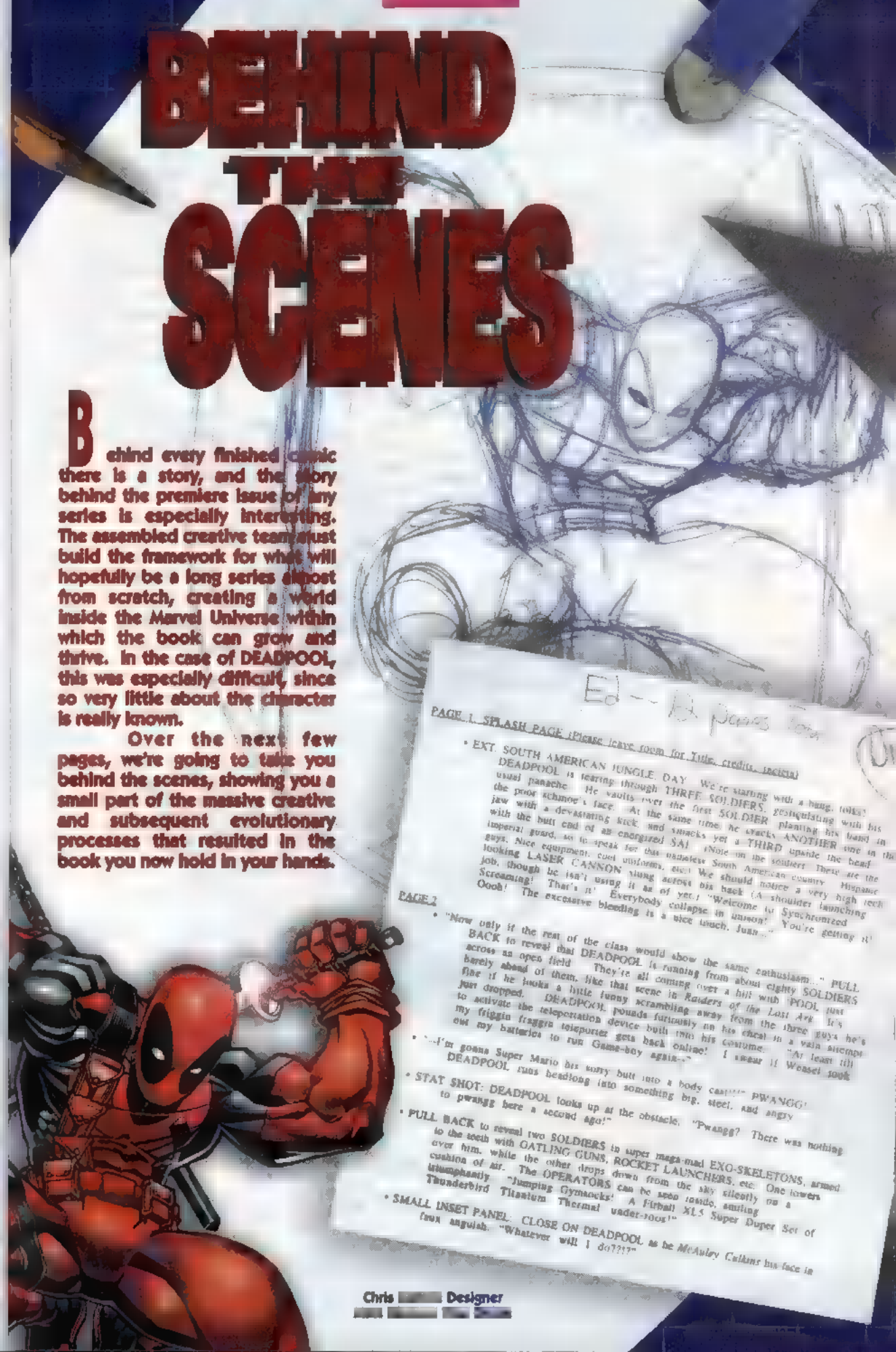
CHA
ZOE, WOULD YOU MIND --? USE SMALL WORDS, PLEASE.
READ, ANTARCTICA WAS A TEST. YOU PASSED.
SO NOW Mr. NOAH AND [redacted] AUTHORIZED TO MAKE YOU [redacted] VERY SPECIAL OFFER --
-- ON BEHALF OF LANDAU, [redacted] LAKE.
A CONTRACT? REWIND, TOOTS. I'M HERE TO STRING YOU UP BY YOUR INTESTINES. NEGOTIATING ISN'T ON THE PROGRAM.
BESIDES, ISN'T L,L&L LIKE, AN INTERGALACTIC PIGGY BANK OR SOMETHING--
FIRST, Mr. WILSON, I AM THE EXPEDITER-- ZOE IF WE'RE FRIENDS, NEVER "TOOTS."
AS PER YOUR QUESTION, OUR CORPORATION HAS INFLUENCE FAR BEYOND THE REALM OF FINANCE. VERY FAR BEYOND.
A CHAIN OF EVENTS HAS BEGUN TO TRANSPIRE. EVENTS WE HAVE PREDICTED.
IF CLOSELY MONITORED AND SUBTLY INFLUENCED, THESE HAPPENINGS WILL LEAD TO [redacted] GALAXY-WIDE REBIRTH --
-- RESULTING IN AN EVOLUTION OF CULTURE AND CIVILIZATION UNDREAMT OF ON THIS OR ANY PLANET. THIS IS FACT.
THIS IS YOU BARKING. THIS IS ME BEING THE WRONG TREE.
YOU STOPPED THE MELTDOWN. YOU SPARED LANGKOWSKI. WHY?
[redacted] BELIEVE THAT YOU WILL PLAY [redacted] INTEGRAL PART IN THE REALIZATION OF THIS PARADISE, IF YOU [redacted] READY --
-- TO FULFILL YOUR DESTINY AS A GUARDIAN OF HUMANITY.
PERHAPS YOU'RE A BETTER PERSON THAN YOU'D LIKE ANYONE TO BELIEVE --
-- PERHAPS DEEP DOWN, YOU'RE READY TO BE A HERO.

...NAH.
LANGKOWSKI OWED ME FIVE BUCKS. COULDN'T LET HIM WELCH.
I DON'T GIVE HALF A [redacted] ABOUT WHAT HAPPENS TO THE WORLD. WHICH IS EVEN [redacted] THAN IT [redacted] ABOUT ME.
YOU WANT A HERO, I HEAR LUKE CAGE IS FOR HIRE AGAIN.
GO BACK TO YOUR BOSSES, AND TELL THEM THAT NEXT TIME THEY MUCK WITH MY LIFE, L.L & L WILL GET DEAD, DEAD AND DEAD.
NOW YOU GONE AND GAVE ME A HEADACHE. FEEL SO CRUMMY I DON'T EVEN WANNA WASTE YOU.
HERO. YOU GUYS ARE ON CRACK.
HE'S STILL THE ONE FOR THE JOB.
I THINK YOU'D [redacted] YOUR VISOR CHECKED. HE'S NOTHING, A LOSER. THE PSI'S ARE WRONG ON THIS ONE.
CALL IT A GUT FEELING, BUT NOT ONLY AM I SURE THAT THEY'RE RIGHT --
-- I THINK THAT HE'S GOING TO BE MORE IMPORTANT THAN THEY EVEN WANT TO [redacted]
DA END... FOR NOW!

BEHIND THE SCENES

Behind every finished comic there is a story, and the story behind the premiere issue of any series is especially interesting. The assembled creative team must build the framework for what will hopefully be a long series almost from scratch, creating a world inside the Marvel Universe within which the book can grow and thrive. In the case of DEADPOOL, this was especially difficult, since so very little about the character is really known.

Over the next few pages, we're going to take you behind the scenes, showing you a small part of the massive creative and subsequent evolutionary processes that resulted in the book you now hold in your hands.

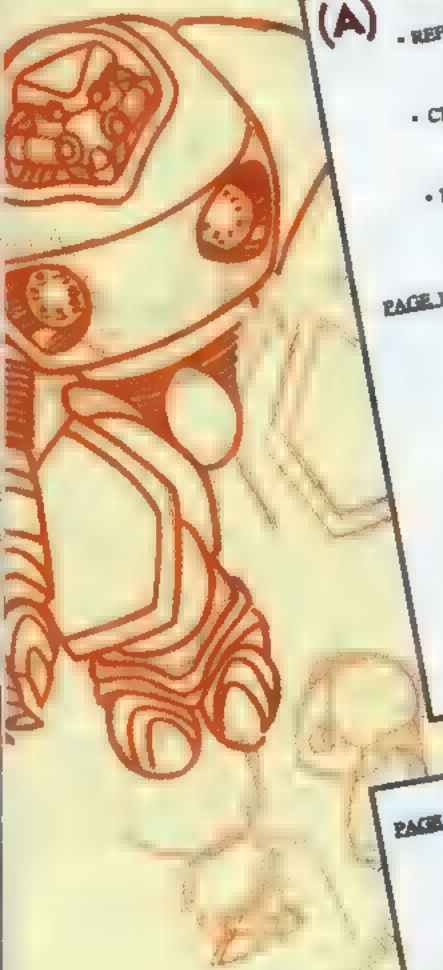

PAGE 1 SPLASH PAGE (Please leave room for Title, credits, tagline)
• EXT. SOUTH AMERICAN JUNGLE. DAY. We're starting with a bang, folks!
DEADPOOL is tearing through THREE SOLDIERS, gesticulating with his usual panache. He vaults over the first SOLDIER, planting his hand in the poor schmoe's face. At the same time, he cracks ANOTHER one in the jaw with a devastating kick, and smacks yet a THIRD upside the head with the butt end of an energized SAI. (Note on the soldiers: These are the imperial guard, so to speak, for this nameless South American country. Hispanic looking LASER CANNON slung across his back (A shoulder launching job, though he isn't using it as of yet.) "Welcome to Synchronized Screaming! That's it! Everybody collapse in unison! You're getting it! Oooh! The excessive bleeding is a nice touch, Juan..."
PAGE 2
• "Now only if the rest of the class would show the same enthusiasm..." PULL BACK to reveal that DEADPOOL is running from about eighty SOLDIERS across an open field. They're all coming over a hill with POOL just barely ahead of them. Like that scene in Raiders of the Lost Ark. It's fine if he looks a little funny scrambling away from the three guys he's just dropped. DEADPOOL pounds furiously on his chest in a vain attempt to activate the teleportation device built into his costume. "At least till my friggin fraggin teleporter gets back online! I swear if Weasel took out my batteries to run Game-boy again--"
• "...I'm gonna Super Mario his sorry butt into a body cast!" PWANGG! DEADPOOL runs headlong into something big, steel, and angry.
• STAT SHOT: DEADPOOL looks up at the obstacle. "Pwangg? There was nothing to pwangg here a second ago!"
• PULL BACK to reveal two SOLDIERS in super mega-mad EXO-SKELETONS, armed to the teeth with GATLING GUNS, ROCKET LAUNCHERS, etc. One towers over him, while the other drops down from the sky silently on a cushion of air. The OPERATORS can be seen inside, smiling triumphantly. "Jumping Gymnocks! A Fireball XL5 Super Duper Set of Thunderbird Titanium Thermal vader-tools!"
• SMALL INSET PANEL: CLOSE ON DEADPOOL as he McAuley Culkins his face in faux anguish. "Whatever will I do?!?!?"

Chris [redacted] Designer

THE STORY

Almost from the outset, it was clear that Landau, Luckman & Lake would be hiring Deadpool to do something bad as a test to see if he was the man for their plans. Originally, writer Joe Kelly envisioned Deadpool being hired to take out the mysterious heads of LL&L themselves. It would be Deadpool's brains that prevented him from pulling the trigger, and Wade Wilson would find himself with a new employer. Editor in chief Bob Harras felt that this was perhaps too cosmic a story for such a down-to-Earth character, and instead suggested using Sasquatch as Deadpool's assigned target. He also thought that Sasquatch and Deadpool doing battle would be an interesting visual. With all that orange and red, it might be a little difficult to make out what's going on, or at least make for a potentially really boring looking page, color-wise. It was quickly decided that having them face off in the snow would make these garish fellows pop out on the page. After that, the revised story quickly fell into place.

In Joe's revised plot, there was a scene that was later cut out in which Langkowski's Gamma Reactor overloads, forcing Langkowski to transform into Sasquatch and save the day. (A) This scene was later cut for dramatic reasons; the story would be better served if it was Deadpool who set off the reactor overload and then had to set things right.



(A)

• REFLECTED IN WALTER'S GLASSES we see the POWER CORE glow with energy. "Gamma levels rising... approaching critical level..." "Steady... Steady..." "Gamma levels at 99% capacity... Doctor--"

• CLOSE ON the controller as WALTER presses a button. The part of the screen we can ■ reads, "... DISPERSAL OF GAMMA RADIAT--" "Engage the core NOW!!"

• EXT. THE LAB. POOOOMMM!!! A shaft of energy erupts from the lab into the sky, taking half of the roof with it in a very unexpected explosion!!! (Ed. note: this is the roof around the tower I'm talking about. The tower itself is still in tact.)

PAGE 11

• INT. THE CORE. Even though the core still pumps out energy, the rest of this massive chamber is in ruins. The roof has caved in. FLAMES are everywhere caused by ENERGY DISCHARGES that fire randomly from the core. SNOW trickles in through the missing roof section. TECHNICIANS and SCIENTISTS run around the room, trying their best to put out the blaze. OTHERS are trapped under debris, hurt, etc. "Someone get ■ the source!" "Are you crazy!?" "Where are Marsten and Hopper?!?"

• THROUGH THICK SMOKE, a man appears, carrying two unconscious TECHIES, one under each arm. "He's got them!!!" "Everyone! Clear out of here! The core is unstable!"

• WALTER LANGKOWSKI, just a tad cooked by the blast, emerges from the smoke with his men. "Dr. Langkowski has them!!!" "Come on, don't stand there gawking! Get them to med-center!" (MORE)

PAGE 11 (CONTD.)

• FRANCIS grabs WALTER by the arm as the two men are carried off by other TECHIES. He points upwards towards the explosion. "What are we going to do, Walter?" "You and the rest are going to get to a safe distance while I take care of business here..."

• CLOSE ON WALTER, as he looks upwards towards the hole in the ceiling. He is clearly stunned by what he sees. "While I make sure that there's still a safe distance left to go to!"

In another early plot twist, Deadpool was originally hired for his mission by Noah while atop the Statue of Liberty (B). The scene was cut and replaced with the second Hellhouse scene on page 18. We figured that Deadpool was supposed to get his assignments via the Hellhouse, and it wouldn't make a whole lot of sense for him to be hired by Noah directly. Since this scene served the dual purpose of revealing much of Deadpool's backstory, that function had to be worked into the new scene, and was, in a cleverly constructed moment which also features the first appearance of T-Ray, a fellow merc at the Hellhouse who's going to be causing more than a little trouble in later issues.

PAGE 18

(B)

• EXT. STATUE OF LIBERTY. NIGHT. ATOP THE CROWN. A MAN (NOAH) in shadow, leans on one of the windows, looking out at the water. "Fifteen minutes late... I think he's a no-show."

• CLOSE ON THE WINDOW. The man continues speaking out loud, prepares to light a cigarette. "Central. Prepare to slide me home--"

• KTHINK! A KATANA slices the air right in front of NOAH'S face as he ignites the lighter. The sword splits the Cig perfectly in half. Noah's eyes go wide with surprise. "Why do you high-rollers always choose to meet in such inaccessible locales? Just once I'd like to sit down in Deany's with the rest of the Schmoes and talk shop over a French Slam breakfast.""Deadpool I presume?"

• COOL SHOT of DEADPOOL as he hangs upside down in front of the WINDOW attached to a RAPELLING LINE, casually picking at his "fingernails" with the tip of his sword. "Figured I'd sweat you out till I knew who else was nearby. SOP, you understand." NOAH holds out a thin DOSSIER for DEADPOOL to peruse. "I knew you were there, I was just testing..." "Ch'yahh, right! As IF!"

• DEADPOOL studies the file intently, though it is clearly upside down. "In this file you will find the location and layout of a secret research facility in the Antarctic. There's been an accident there.""Love what you did here! Extra points for neatness! Snazzy dress for the cover... where's the bubble gum?"

PAGE 19

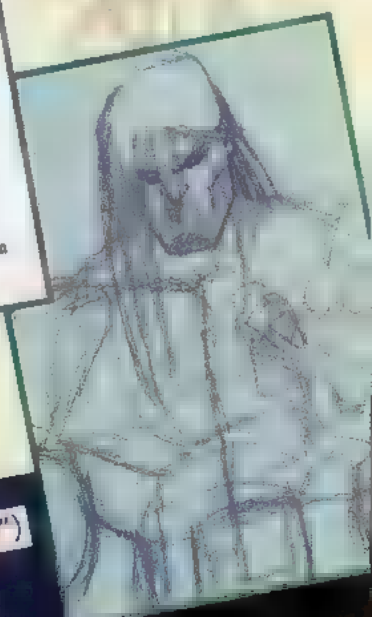
• DEADPOOL lowers himself onto the ledge, dangling his feet boyishly as NOAH tries to brief him. "Gamma Radiation is spreading at an alarming rate." "Not for nothing, sir. But I fell asleep during nuclear physics... or I was looking up suzi James skirt... either way, I can't stop a three-mile-popsicle."

• REACTION SHOT: DEADPOOL almost drops the file when NOAH sternly explains. "We don't want you to stop it. We want you to help it along." "Ex-squeeze me?" "I represent employers with fatreats in the southern hemisphere that are failing miserably--"

• NOAH indicates the DOSSIER, turning it rightside up for DEADPOOL, who sits up suddenly, paying close attention. "...A disaster of this magnitude could case their pain with an insurance winfall. Loss of life will be restricted to the personnel at the plant, who're dead men anyway. They are willing to pay twenty million dollars to ensure that the Gamma spill runs its course." "Patch said that you requested me personally. Aside from my dashing smile and well defined buttocks, why the special attention?"

• CLOSE ON NOAH, almost smiling. "You have a reputation as a wild card. Wheayou're around, things get broke. That's number one. Number two, your vaunted healing factor makes you resistant to any radiation you'll encounter before the job is done." "Who does your homework? Encyclopedia browa? So much for private medical history... And number three?

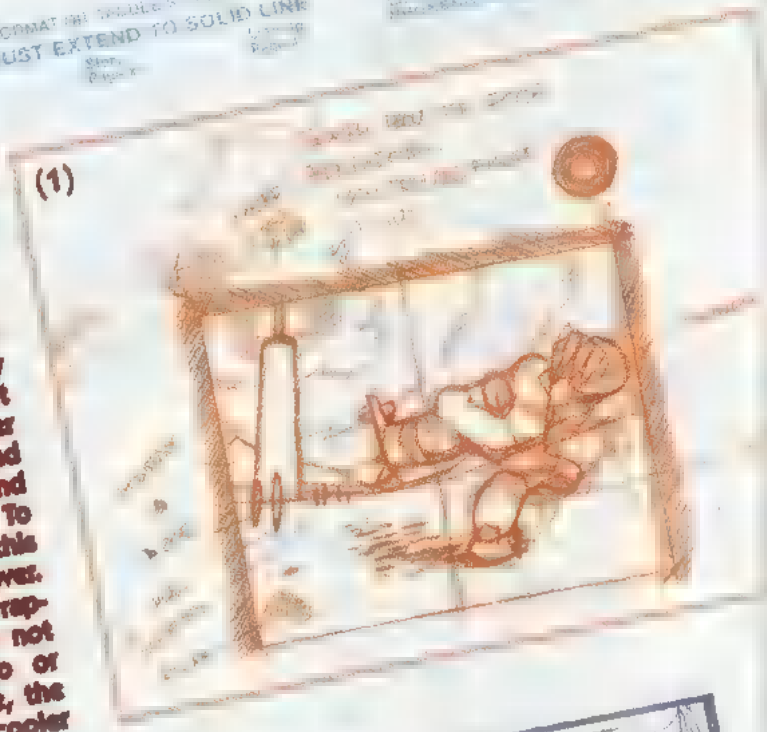
• CLOSE ON the DOSSIER, where we see a CANADIAN GOVT. PIC of WALTER LANGKOWSKI. "The man who you'll have to kill to complete the job is an office mate from your Canadian Days."

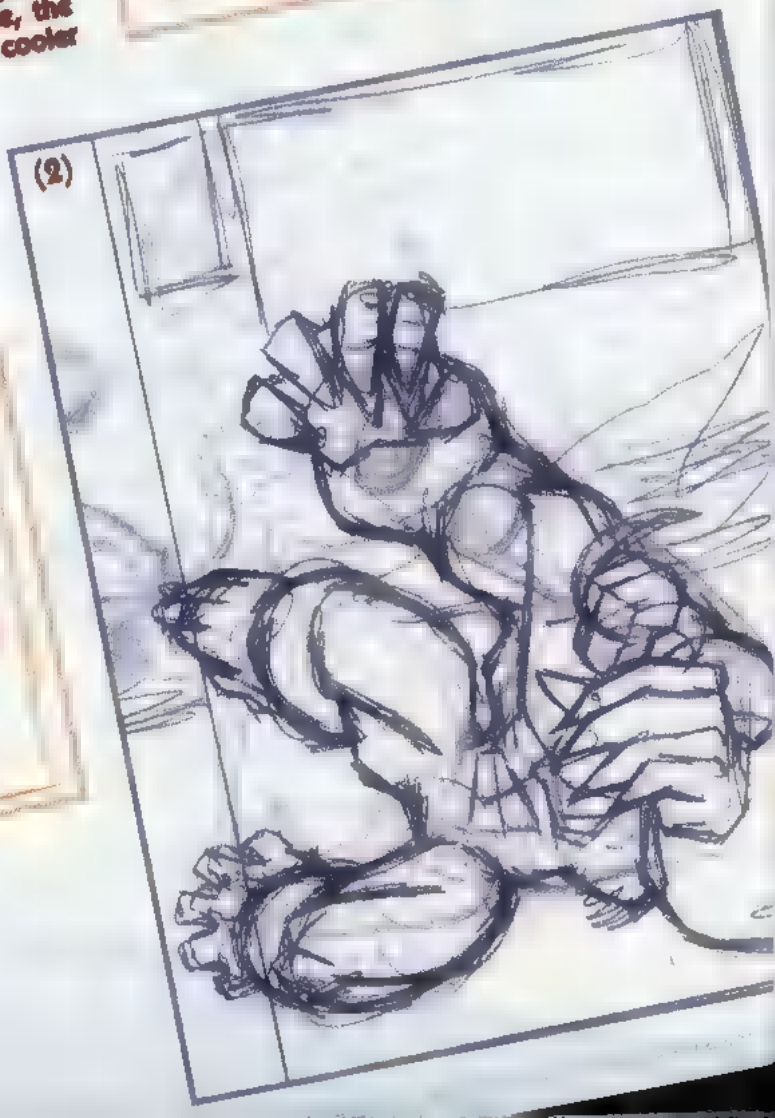


(The Villianous "T-Ray")

THE COVER

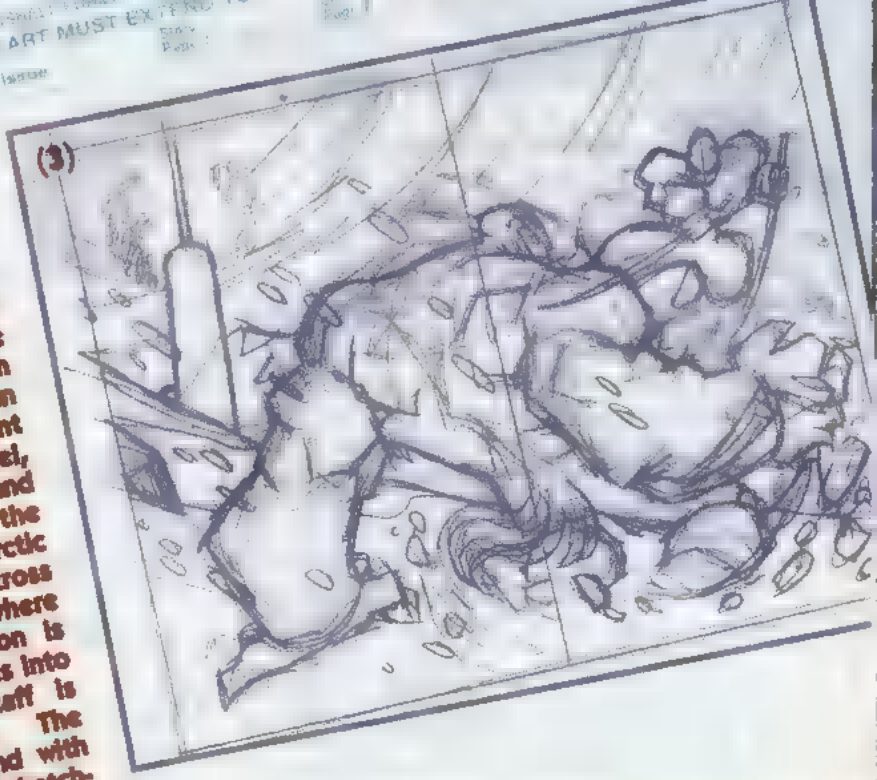
The cover of any comic book goes through generations of sketches and revisions before a final design is approved. In this case, the cover was particularly important since this was the first issue of the series. The character had to be well spotlighted, and the logo had to be clear and as unobstructed as possible. To complicate matters further, this was to be a wrap-around cover. The inherent problem with wrap-arounds is that since we're not contending with the logo or tradedress on the backside, the back cover tends to look cooler than the front half.





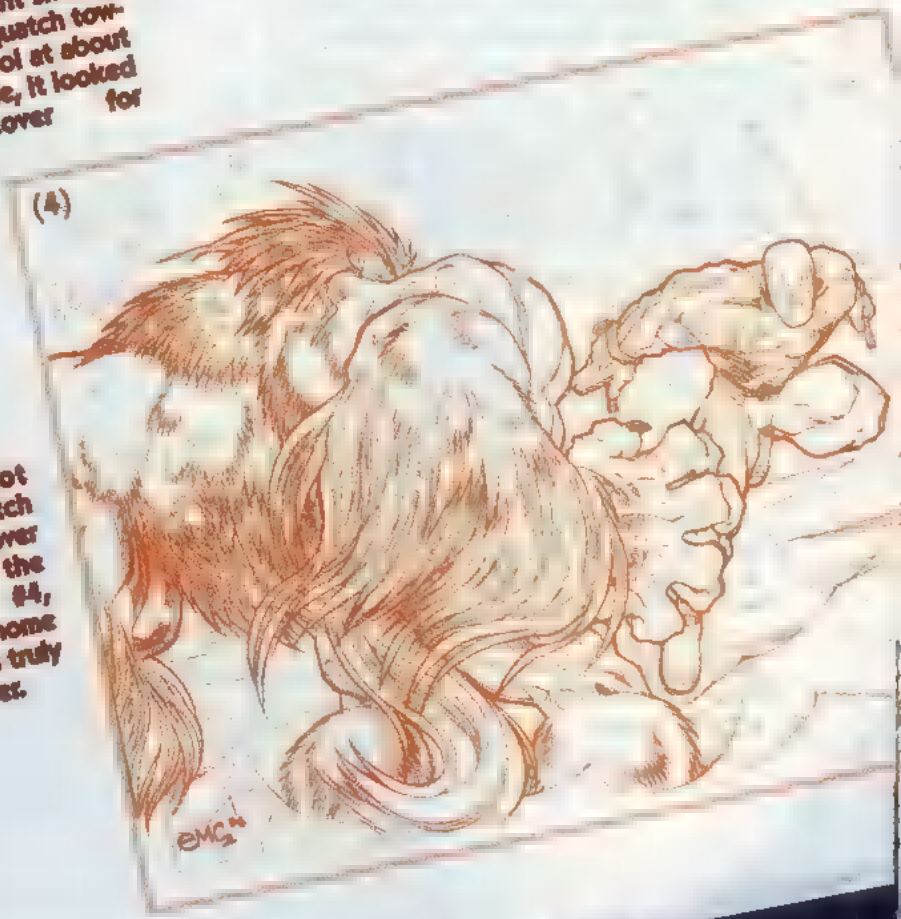
ART PAPER FOR BLEED PAGES (BOOK SIZE)
ALL BLEED ART MUST EXTEND
Book

(3)



Ed worked really hard at putting together a piece that would captivate both fans and casual buyers. In his first attempt, he went for a movie poster feel, complete with Deadpool and Sasquatch fighting on the front cover, and the Antarctic scene extending across the back cover, where Langkowski's installation is venting Gamma particles into the sky and his staff is evacuating the lab. The problem with this and with the three subsequent sketches is that with Sasquatch towering over Deadpool at about three times his size, it looked like the cover for SASQUATCH #1.

(4)



By the time Ed got to version #3, Sasquatch gradually began moving over to the back half of the spread. With version #4, Sasquatch had found a home on the left side, and this truly became Deadpool's cover.

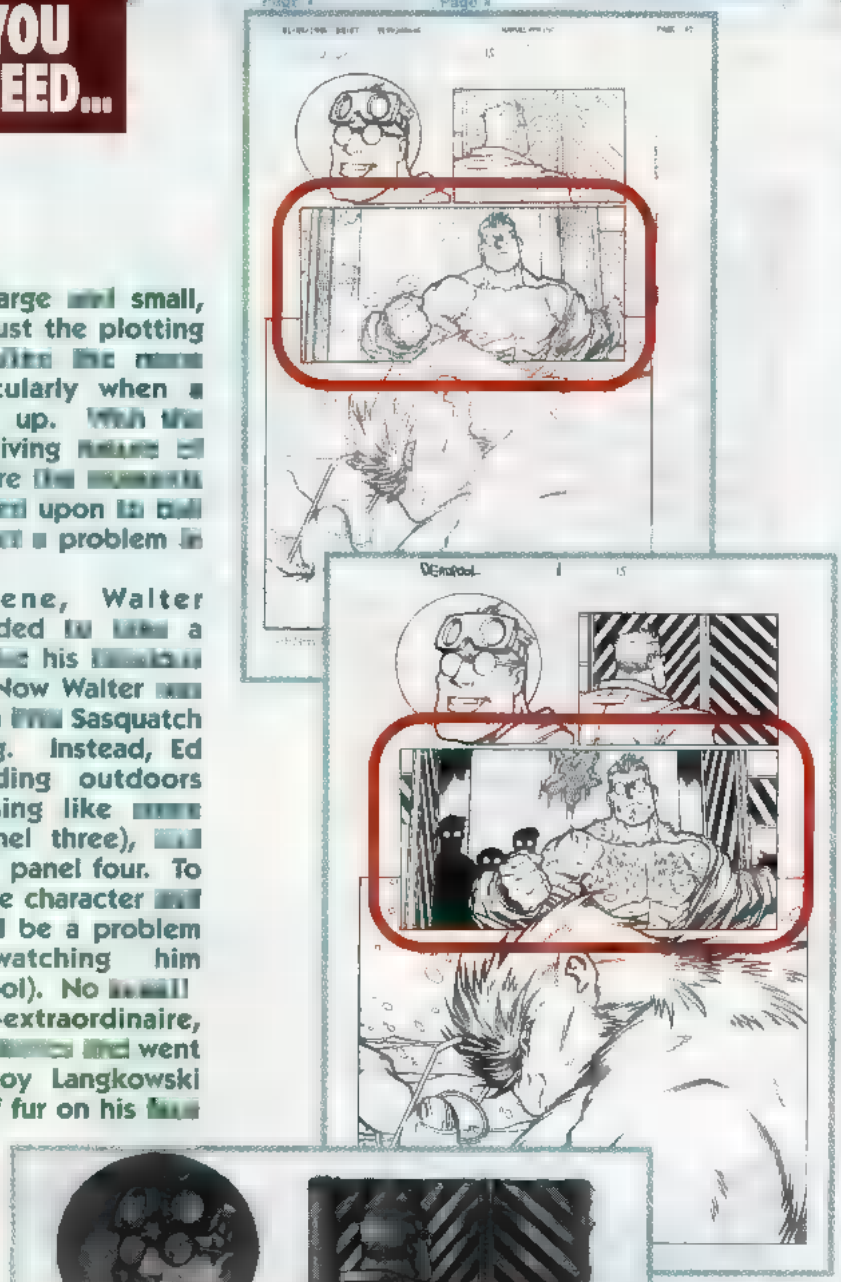
IF AT FIRST YOU DON T SUCCEED...

Variations, both large and small, can be credited to just the plotting stage. Change is often the name of the game, particularly when a new series is starting up. With the relentless and unforgiving nature of The Schedule, many are the moments when the inker is called upon to bail out... uh, sorry, correct a problem in the pencils.

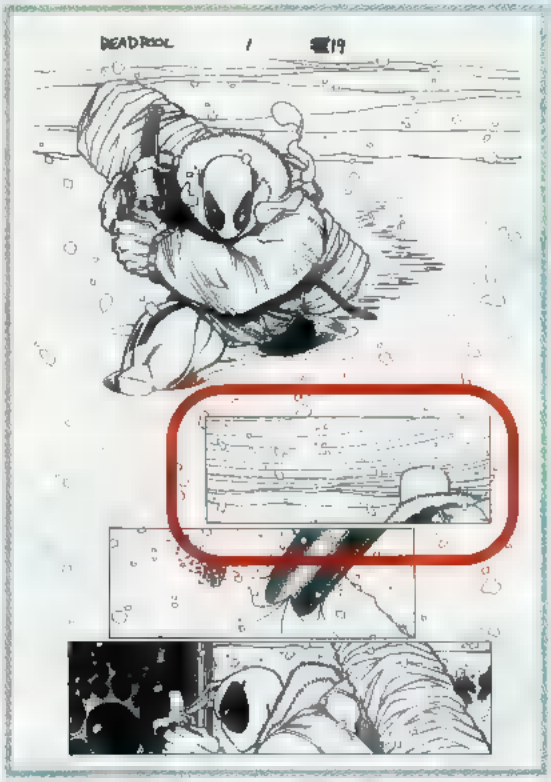
In this scene, Walter Langkowski has decided to take a trip outdoors to activate his Sasquatch gaining experiment. Now Walter was *supposed* to transform into Sasquatch as he was undressing. Instead, Ed depicted Walt heading outdoors (panel two), undressing like some kind of streaker (panel three), and finally as Sasquatch in panel four. To those unfamiliar with the character and his powers, this could be a problem (besides which, watching him transform is kind of cool). No harm!

Our inker-extraordinaire, Nathan Massengill up his sleeves and went to work, give our boy Langkowski some fluffy patches of fur on his face and body in panel three.

Then Chris Lichtner colored the piece, taking into account not just the fur color but changes in Walter's skin color as well, and this problem was solved and everyone were the wiser (well, until now, anyway).



ART PAPER FOR BLEED PAGES: BOOKSHELF FORMAT OR SADDLE STITCH
ALL BLEED ART MUST EXTEND TO SOLID LINE



Oftentimes, the colorist alone must carry the burden of saving the day. In this example, Chris Chuckry subtle best to right a grave injustice perpetrated upon the innocent.

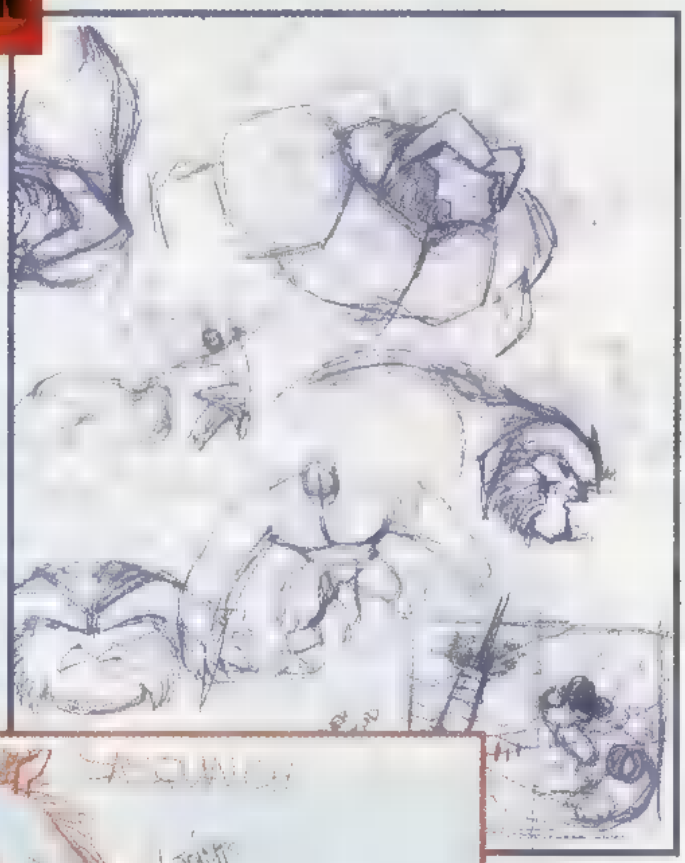
In the familiar shot, Deadpool is trudging through the frozen wastes of Antarctica, mile after mile. His target: Langkowski's Antarctic lab. Problem is, the lab wasn't drawn in the second panel. We considered asking Nathan Fox ink in the lab. Photostatting the establishing shot of the lab from an earlier issue and dropping it into the panel was another option, but Chris had the best suggestion of all: "Leave it to me!"

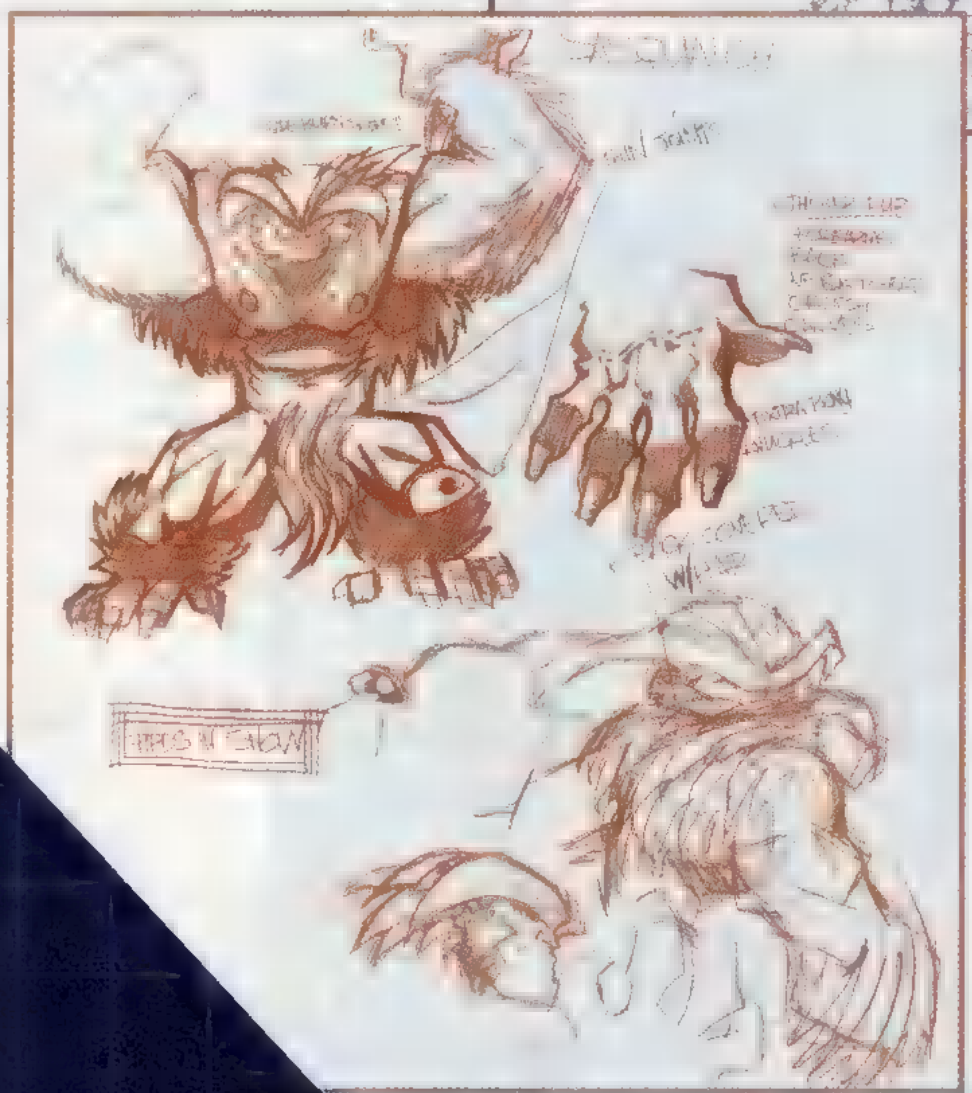
Chris added an eerie, surreal green glow to the second panel, indicating the location of the lab. This not only showed what it was Deadpool was heading for, but also gave the reader a sense of distance and isolation as Deadpool trudged through the snow.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR LETTERS PAGE GOES HERE

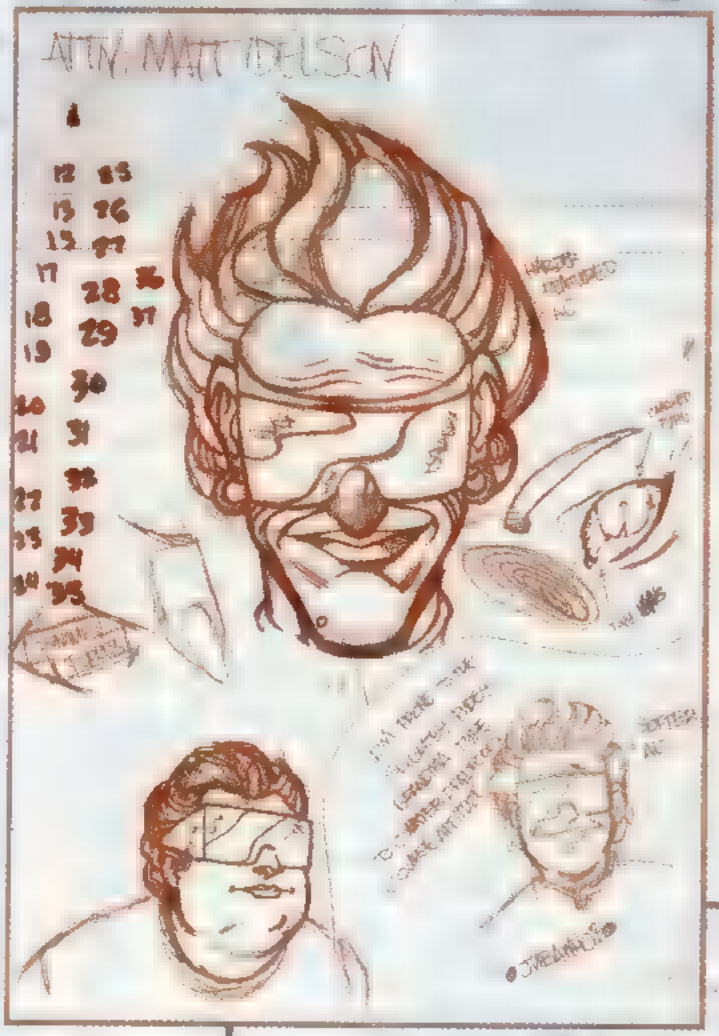
CHARACTER DESIGN

Before an artist can begin a project, he has to define how he or she is going to interpret the characters to their own style while also keeping them recognizable. Here, taken from Ed's sketchbook, are some of his early stabs at Sasquatch, Blind Alfred and of course, our main character, Deadpool.

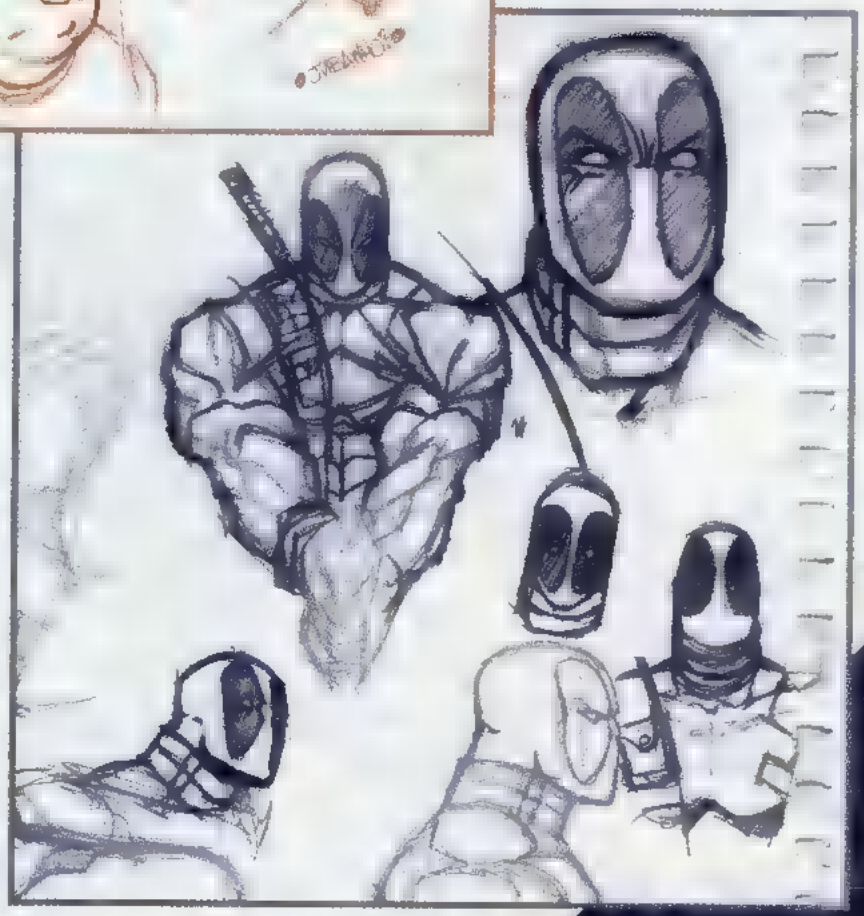




FOR PAGES (BOOKSHELF FORMAT OR SADDLE STITCH)
BLEED MUST SOLID LINE
Book Issue Story Page



Notice the two alternate versions of Blind Al. favored the shot at the lower left, the "kinder, pudgier" Alfred, but shot him down, since have special plans for Al which require her look way she does in this issue. The shot the lower right was also dropped for reason, plus the fear that she looked like Jubilee: The narrow-faced, hair-in-a-bun Blind Al to humorous speculation that she might really be Aunt May reincarnated.



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DEADLINES

DESIGN BY COMICRAFT

DEADPOOL LETTER COLUMN: DEADLINES

November 1996

Hola, and welcome to the first, most terrific, bestest... well, you've heard the "welcome aboard" speech a billion times, so I'll keep that part short. If you've made it this far into the issue, you know that this is but the first of what will be a *monthly* DEADPOOL comic. Pretty neat, huh? I can't tell you the honest-to-god excitement this project has and will continue to give me! My initial trepidation about doing a series featuring a guy who's not a hero, but can't be an out-and-out villain either left me kind of wondering how the heck we were going to pull this off, but pull it off I think we have.

A large load of the credit really has to go to Joe Kelly (who's going to babble on about this project himself in just a few moments), who really had this character pretty well nailed down from day one. Fully realising Deadpool's personality is fundamental to making this thing work, and I think Joe got it with his first swing of the bat (well, maybe the second swing). And Ed... Ed, Ed, Ed. This guy is special, folks. He's just got that knack for this book. Working with Ed has already been one of the most unique and exciting experiences of my young and questionable career, and I truly expect that Ed's work will be twice as good in issue two, and triply good in issue three (and so forth). As for Nathan... what can I say, Mr. MY Nathan really looks good over our young Mr. Ed, and while he will probably become the unsung hero of this book, we here in the office are definitely singing his praises (right after "I Left My Heart In San Francisco," but that's a different story). And then there's Chris. I knew we were going to need a really, really talented colorist to fill out all that open space in Ed's art, and when Chris came aboard, I knew he was either going to make us or break us. Well, I think he made us. Simply put, Chris is one of the best colorists in the industry, and I'm lucky to be working with him. 'Nuff said! As always, the typical and professional tip of the cap to our old pal, Richard Starkings and his staff at Comicraft, for lettering this book properly and with great care. Richard, you are a friend to the editor. And finally, I would be remiss in not putting the spotlight on my able-bodied, wee-pal assistant, Paul, who can speak any alien tongue from *Star Wars* but still struggles with English. "Artoodetoowha bo Seethreepiowha ey toota odd misohka Jabba du Hutt" to you too, pal!

Why have a letters page without letters, you ask? Good question. We figured many of you might be reluctant to send a letter if you didn't know exactly where to send it. After seeing a big piece of eye-candy like this... well, now you know. If you happen to own a modem and are the sort of comics reader who likes to check out the MARVEL: ONLINE web page on America Online (and who isn't?), then check this out: you can send your letters to this page via the DEADPOOL message boards! That's right; just post your letter to this book within the DEADPOOL folder inside either the adult or children's message boards. If your letter reads like a letter, and most importantly, has something to say, pipe it through, and we'll toss it in here.

Which brings me to my next point: Please be constructive and specific about what you like and don't like. We want to do more than just a rah-rah page for DEADPOOL here! producing a monthly title around a character who's closer to being a villain than a hero is bound to elicit some measure of positive and negative response. We definitely want to know what you do and don't like about what we're doing each month. Don't hold back!

And now, we've come to the point which all readers probably fear--the "Special Thanks/Gush" section. Not to make this sound like the Academy Awards, but there are a few people to whom either a "thanks" or a "curse on your first-born" are due. In no particular order, they are... Mark Powers, who was supposed to edit this series when it was just a wee limited series-in-development. Mark hired Ed for DEADPOOL before making the fatal mistake of devoting his time to the main X-books with Bob Harras. When he gave up DEADPOOL, Mark was kind enough to give up Ed, as well. I'd also like to thank The Professor, James Felder, who gave immeasurable and invaluable input to this series, with suggestions and tips that really kept this thing on course, and Ben Raab, who was a sturdy sounding board for myself and Joe Kelly, and had more than a couple terrific suggestions. Also, thanks to Alison Gill and Melisa Danon of our Manufacturing Department, and to the Bullpen (particularly Dawn Guzzo and Dan Carr) whose individual and collective efforts resulted in the high production values you have seen here. Thanks also to Scott Koblish, who illustrated those cute li'l, hard-working Deadpool's up at the top of the page, and John Marasigan, who put this puppy together. Finally, in the great tradition of brown-nosing that has come before me, I'd really like to thank The Boss, Bob Harras, for taking a chance on an editorial and creative team who's great grandparents were still in diapers when he first started editing the X-Men. Goo-goo to you!

Now I hate the sound of my own voice, and this thing has gone on longer than anything I'll ever write for the rest of my life, but no first issue

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NEXT TIME: A MURDEROUS ADVERSARY STRIKES AND A MEMBER OF OUR CAST FALLS VICTIM (WELL, SORT OF)! PLUS: BREAKFAST WITH DEADPOOL!

letters page is complete without some hints and clues as to what lies ahead, so I'm just going to throw some stuff out there. Next issue reintroduces a Marvel villain we've seen before, who's going to be playing a role in this series as time progresses. It's also a Weasel-intensive tale. Issue three kicks off a two-part story that picks up on a couple of threads from the second DEADPOOL limited series, and will lead our poor Wade Wilson straight into some very large and angry hands in issue four. And then issue five... man, issue five's going to throw all you readers for a real loop!

Enjoy!

—Matt Idelson

Dear Everyone,

I've been sitting at the computer for over an hour now trying to come up with a witty way to introduce myself to you folks... And I'm stuck. I'm stuck on one phrase that's zipping through my brainpan over and again. It's not very clever, or all that funny, but it seems to hit the nail on the head:

I love Deadpool.

Plain, simple, to the point. That means that writing him is more than just a job. It means that the integrity of the Merc-with-a-Mouth's basic character is as important to me as it is to you. Most importantly, it means that from month to month I'm gonna bust my hump to make his life as manic, miserable, exciting, bloody, twisted, perverse, angst-ridden and hysterical as semi-good taste and the Comics Code will allow. That's a promise, folks... You can call me on it if you ever feel the need. That said, if you've made it this far in the book, then I have to assume that to some degree, you love Deadpool too. Good. We've got something in common. If you also happen to like sitting in a tub of banana-strawberry gelatin while reciting lines from *Pulp Fiction*, then we have a lot in common...

Writing Deadpool has been one of those rare experiences where the character takes on a life of his own almost from second one. This is due in no small part to the hard work of fellas like Fabian Nicieza, Rob Liefeld, Mark Waid and many others who worked Frankensteinian magic and gave this monster his spirit in the first place. I can tell you first-hand that this is not a simple task, and I tip my hat to the maniacs who came before me and made it look so easy.

This is my first solo crack at an ongoing book, and I couldn't have asked for a better place to start. The creative team is the tops. Matt Idelson is a gentleman and a scholar, a man who knows when to reign Deadpool in and when to keep his yap shut and let the psycho run amok. Matt has a keen sense of storytelling and a thirst for quality that I expect to come through in every issue.

Before Ed McGuinness even put pencil to paper, I knew that he'd be an excellent collaborator. Not only was his work clean and exciting, but his enthusiasm for Deadpool was a tangible force. Ed has managed to capture both the comedic and the demented elements of Deadpool's character, and I look forward to watching them both grow together as the series goes on. Ed is also from Boston, which makes him an easy target of ridicule. If anyone ever writes Ed a letter, please pick on Boston, the Celtics, that weird accent... anything. It's fun, I swear...

The rest of the team, Nathan, Chris, and Richard have done a bang-up job on this book, the quality of which goes without saying. (In case you missed it, just go back to any page and take a sec to look at the inking, the colors and the letters. If you still missed it, then get to a hospital cause you're freakin' blind!!!) As of this writing, most of the team have returned from the Marvel House for Overworked Artists and should all be ready to dive into issue two with a clean bill of health... and a healthy prescription or two!

On a brown-nosing note, thanks to Bob Harras for taking a chance on me for this unique series, and for not firing me the second I said, "So, like at the end of the first issue, we find out that Deadpool is actually the third Summers brother!" (I WAS KIDDING!!!) The fact that I wasn't canned on the spot shows that the man has a sense of humor, one that I hope to have satisfied with this issue...

This is the beginning of a long and bizarre ride my friends, and if you just sit back and relax, I promise that you won't be disappointed. To tell you the truth, I really don't have any choice but to make it good, because I've got one whacked out Merc with an itchy trigger finger sitting on the edge of my desk at all times, telling me in his worst Brando cotton-chewing voice, "Either your brains or some cool stories'll be on the computer by morning... you decide. Now, what about that Larry King? Good kisser, don't you agree? How about my scenes in *The Freshman*? Did I look heavy to you?"

Did I mention that I love this guy?

See you next month,

—Joe Kelly

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